



THE NEW
AMERICAN
SONG
BOOK BY MARX & JANIGRO

BY MARX & ANNE
OBERNDORFER

A Century of Progress
in
American Song



THE NEW AMERICAN SONG BOOK

(A Century of Progress in American Song)

By

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By

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PREFACE

One hundred years ago few Americans realized that our land possessed folk music of rare importance. We accepted the Indian as a foe rather than as a friend. We knew little of the unusual music which our first Americans were contributing to the land of their conquerors. We looked upon the Negro as a slave, not knowing that his appeals to his Maker in his songs and spirituals would one day be recognized as the greatest folk expression of the world.

We now can appreciate the great inheritance which is ours in the songs brought us by the early Colonists; in the sea songs and chanteys of our first merchant marine days; in the pioneer songs, which are still to be found in an almost unchanged form among our mountain people of the Appalachians. These songs we inherited, it is true, but they have been made our own by the American feeling which is so strongly a part of every measure.

A type of song distinctly American is to be found in the cowboy songs. The patriotic songs of Civil War days are rightly regarded as the greatest patriotic songs of any people at any time in history. The entire world recognizes the true importance of Stephen Foster, the greatest composer of folk songs of any nation. And no country can claim, as can America of the future, the folk music of the entire world.

In past history, after wars and conquest, one nation has often claimed the folk music of other lands, but to America's vast melting pot has come all the folk music of the world. Some of this we have made our own, for we have learned to love these songs as a part of our heritage. In the future we shall recognize many more of these songs as ours, for the true American citizen is beginning to realize the important position in which he stands, especially in his relation to the world.

In collecting these songs for home, school, club, and community use, we have tried to bring into one volume the best examples of America's inheritance in the realm of popular song. We have been greatly aided in our work by the cooperation of many foreign-born friends. We wish to give especial thanks to our associate editors who have advised us in the selection of material; to Arthur Olaf Andersen for his many beautiful arrangements; to his talented son Andreas Andersen, for our novel and striking cover design; to the United States Marine Corps who has allowed us to reprint the official Marines' Hymn; to William McKinley of Chicago who graciously allowed us to use translations of several Czechoslovakian songs; to our publishers for the permission they have granted in allowing us to use the copyrighted material from many of their other musical publications; and especially to Welford D. Clark whose untiring efforts and help in the editing of this book have made it a possibility.

MARX AND ANNE OBERNDORFER

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AMERICA'S HERITAGE OF SONG

Songs of Native American Origin It has only been in recent years that Americans have discovered how rich a heritage they possess in their native folk songs. We are the only country in the world where music from two primitive sources is to be found.

Indian Songs In the chants and dances of the American Indian there may be noted not only the characteristic reiterated rhythms of the drums, but often exquisite melodies which were originally played on the flute. There are many striking examples of the whole tone scale to be found in these flute melodies. But the most interesting fact to be observed in Indian music is the influence of the white man's civilization as it is reflected in the music of the various tribes. We present as our first example of Indian music a Decotah Indian melody, which has been used by MacDowell and also by Victor Herbert. To this air we have set Longfellow's words of *Hiaiwatha's Wooing* (21). Our second example of an Indian theme is a chorale in praise of the great spirit Gitchie Manitou (21). The third example comes from the Huron Indians in French Canada and reflects the influence of the Jesuit Missionaries (22). It is said to be a Christmas hymn sung by the Huron Indians before the praecipio on the altar of the Jesuit Mission Churches.

Negro Songs No nation in the world possesses more exquisite folk songs than the songs of the American Negro, born in the days of slavery, which are called "spirituals." Careful study shows us that those spirituals which came from the "Lower South" reflect the distress and misery of the slave Negro far more than do those spirituals which came from the "Upper South" where plantation life was much brighter and happier. We present four outstanding examples of the deep sadness as reflected in the "Lower South" spirituals—*Deep River*; *Steal Away*; *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*; and *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen* (23, 24, 25). In the spirituals of the "Upper South" (26 to 29) will be noted a lighter, gayer vein so much a part of the nature of the American Negro. In his work as in his play the Negro always sang, and one of the best known "work" songs of America is the *Levee Song* (30). This is said to have come originally from the laborers on the docks of the Mississippi River. A *Peanut Pickin' Song* from the "eastern shore" of Virginia (30) is a great favorite with the Hampton Institute students. It dates from the days of slavery when on many of the Virginian plantations, peanuts were first being cultivated. This song gives a good idea of the human relationship which existed between the "Big Massa" and his Negro workers on the "Upper South" plantations.

Probably the best known Negro play song is *Lil' 'Liza Jane* (31) which originated also on the "eastern shore" of Maryland and Virginia and soon spread all through America as a play song for children, black and white. During the World War this song became an outstanding favorite in the American Army.

From New Orleans comes a type of Negro song which is now attracting great interest among authorities on folk music. This is the Negro Creole song which shows us in a marked degree the influence of both French and Spanish music

on that of the American Negro. The Negro Creole song is usually sentimental, often it is satirical, and sometimes a combination of both. *Caroline* (32), a typical example of the sentimental style, and *Musieu Bainjo* (32), a satirical song of the Negro who would imitate the French, are two of the best known Negro Creole songs.

Cowboy Songs No type of folk music which is native to America is of greater interest than the songs of the cowboys. In the old days when ranch life was of a most primitive type, the cowboys gathered in the big ranch house on the long evenings. There they would entertain themselves and each other by singing of their life and past experiences. Sometimes they sang tunes they knew, changing them to suit the words which they improvised. The favorite of all cowpunchers was the sorrowful lament "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie"—*The Dying Cowboy* (37). This song exists in many different versions, for it was a universal favorite from Wyoming to New Mexico and from Montana to Texas. Another popular ranch song was *Home on the Range* (33). When the cowboys drove their herds on the long trails to the north in the summer and to the south in the winter, they always sang as they drove their cattle on the trail. And when they rested for the night the cowboys on guard always sang as they rode around the herd in order to quiet the "dogies" or yearlings and to avert a stampede. These dogie songs or cattle lullabies were frequently interrupted by cries and cheers and curious refrains. These are to be noted in *Whoopee Ti Yi Yo* (35) and *The Old Chisholm Trail* (36). One of the prized possessions of the cowboy was his calico pony, and all cowboy dances ended with the singing of "Goodbye Old Paint"—*I Ride an Old Paint* (34).

Songs of the Earliest Days of America Our earliest musical inheritance from other lands came to America in the Puritan Psalms brought by the Pilgrims. It is a significant fact that the first book printed in America was the Bay Psalm Book published in 1640. The best known of these psalm tunes still in use in our churches are *Old Hundredth* and *Dundee* (38). The latter was originally from Scotland. The tune known as "Old Hundredth" first appeared as a setting of religious words in the Genevan Psalter in 1551 when the words of the Hundredth Psalm were set to this air, said to have originally been a folk song.

Our early English Colonists who settled in Virginia and the Carolinas brought many lovely airs from their native England which in the 17th Century was recognized as the most musical nation of the world. *O Dear, What Can the Matter Be* (40) is said to have been written by King Henry VIII of England, who was known to have been a great lover and patron of music. *Drink To Me Only* (39) is still as popular as it was in Queen Elizabeth's day when this lovely air was set to the verses of Ben Jonson. Some authorities now claim it is a melody of the 18th Century. *O No, John* (38) is an excellent example of the old English dialogue song which vied with the ballad in popularity during the 17th and 18th Centuries. *Sally In Our Alley* (41) belongs to a little later period as its composer Henry Carey was born the same year as Bach and Handel (1685).

Our Colonial forefathers from Scotland and Ireland brought many old airs as their contribution to America's musical inheritance. An old Gaelic air claimed by both Ireland and Scotland is *Robin Adair* (43). The use of the five toned scale here is of interest to the student of old music.

A very old Scotch bagpipe tune "Hey tutti tutti" said to have been sung by Bruce's followers at the Battle of Bannockburn was set to the verses by Robert Burns in 1794 and became *Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled* (43), the stirring Scotch battle song we all love to sing today. This is also an excellent example of the five tone or pentatonic scale. Another bagpipe song from Scotland is the ever popular *The Campbells Are Comin'* (42).

Auld Lang Syne (44) is one of the oldest Scotch folk songs and its first verse and chorus antedate the later words of Robert Burns by many years. It is essentially a farewell song and is sung as a pledge of friendship in all English speaking lands. One of the best loved rounds is *Scotland's Burning* (45) which is one of the oldest folk rounds in existence.

No Scotch folk song ever has attained greater popularity than *Comin' Thro' the Rye* (44). This charming old ballad commemorates the quaint custom of the gallant swains who helped the pretty maidens across the stepping stones of the little River Rye in Ayrshire.

No legendary folk song of any land is more beautiful than the old Jacobite air, *Loch Lomond* (45) which has been greatly loved in America. One of the most popular of any of the Colonial songs was the old Scotch ballad *Barbara Allen* (50) which still is sung in a primitive form by the mountain folk of the Appalachians. A popular Scotch bagpipe air set to more modern verses is *Wi' a Hundred Pipers an' A'* (46). This song commemorates the arrival of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at Carlisle Castle.

Hail to the Chief (48), a setting of the Highland Boat Song from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," was written by James Sanderson. For many years it has been the custom for this air to be played whenever the President of the United States makes a public appearance.

From Ireland also came many of the old Colonist songs—*Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms* (50), *The Minstrel Boy* (47), and *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls* (51) were all settings of old Irish tunes to verses by Thomas Moore, which became popular in America in the early days of the 19th Century. A later Irish folk song is *The Wearing of the Green* (49).

The early French colonists brought to us many of their children's happy rounds and songs, and while these are to be found in the old French dialect, chiefly in the French settlements of Canada and along the Mississippi river, they are also sung with English words universally throughout America. *At Pierrot's Door* (52) is one of these French songs and another is *To War Has Gone Duke Marlborough* (52) to which we Americans have set various jingles such as *We Won't Go Home Until Morning* and *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. *Malbrouck*, as this tune is usually called, is the most universally popular of folk songs, as it is sung in nearly every country in the world.

In Canada the French children still love *Alouette* (54), acting out the words as they sing. From Canada, too, come the "voyageur" songs so popular among the lumber and river men of Wisconsin and Michigan. These were always sung as the woodsmen floated down the streams. *Come, Good Winds* (53) is one of the oldest of these French airs to be found in Canada. *The Canadian Boat Song* (55) is a setting of an old voyageur air made by Thomas Moore during his visit to Canada. *The Voyageur's Song* (54) is another of these charming old French Canadian songs which was frequently heard on American waterways up to the dawn of the 20th Century.

From the early Spanish Colonists have come many lovely songs still sung along the borders of the Rio Grande and in New Mexico and California. *Serene is the Night* (56) is a Spanish serenade from lower California. The striking similarity between this air and that of a popular church hymn gives us a very good example of the use made of old folk airs in later day music.

We rarely recall our musical inheritance from Holland. Yet when our children today sing the little game song *Miss Jennie O'Jones*, they are but reviving the old Dutch dance song of *Rosa* (56) which the little boys and girls of New Amsterdam first sang in Colonial days. Another song which came from early days in New York is the *Prayer of Thanksgiving* (58), now so universally accepted in America that thought is rarely given to its origin.

We include among the Dutch songs *The Little Dustman* (57), originally an old air of the 16th Century which the great German composer, Johannes Brahms arranged as a lullaby for the children of his friends Robert and Clara Schumann. Originally this was a Christmas song, and it is found as early as the 16th Century in both Holland and Italy. Authorities do not know whether it was brought to the Netherlands from Italy, or taken to the south by the great masters of the Netherlands who helped to establish the first great music schools in Italy.

Songs of Washington's Time We have always felt that there was little or no music in America during the early days of our nation. Our music histories still tell us that we were so busy in America establishing our government that we had little time for art. Today it has been proven that America was even at that time considered a haven for the foreign artist, and that many composers from every country in Europe came to our shores and settled here as teachers, concert artists, and composers. In George Washington's account book we find that when the father of his country was but fifteen he paid five shillings six pence to attend a concert given by one John Palmas, who was a well known teacher and musician of Philadelphia.

Washington's great friend and legal adviser was the famous Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791) of Philadelphia. Himself a signer of the Declaration of Independence and one of the men to draw up the Constitution of the United States, Hopkinson was also deeply interested in music. His home was the center of the musical activities of Philadelphia, and he composed many songs and works of chamber music. In 1786 Hopkinson sent his friend George Washington a set of eight songs with a letter setting forth his claim that he was the

first native American to compose and publish music. In his reply to this Washington remarks on the faith of the Ancients that Orpheus could draw to him through the power of music even the stones and wild beasts, and says that if there were any truth in this belief, he himself would have been glad if he had possessed these songs "to soften the ice of the Delaware."

Beneath a Weeping Willow's Shade (60) and *My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free* (59), said to have been Hopkinson's first, are both songs that are claimed to have been "George Washington's favorite song." *Enraptured I Gaze* (61), also by Hopkinson, is a typical love song of this period.

There is no doubt as to the popularity of *The Way-Worn Traveller* (62), an air from the Opera "The Mountaineers" by Samuel Arnold (1740-1802). This opera, first produced at the Theater Royal, Haymarket, London, had its American premiere at the Federal Street Theater, Boston, in 1795, and during the next five years was heard constantly in all the principal cities of the new United States. Like all the operas of that period, "The Mountaineers" was sung in English and its outstanding popularity is doubtless due largely to this fact. George Washington in the last years of his life frequently asked Nelly Custis to sing this air to him and in his last speech he refers to himself as "a way-worn traveller seeking rest."

Early Patriotic Songs The most popular songs with the soldiers of Washington's Army were *Yankee Doodle* and the hymn *Chester* (63). *Chester* was written by William Billings, a tanner's assistant, who was born in Boston in 1746 and who died poor and neglected in his native city in the year 1800. Billings was a good singer and a great organizer and director. He was chiefly responsible for the development of the organized "singing schools" which were so popular in New England at the end of the 18th Century. *Chester* was sung by the Continental Army all through the long years of the Revolutionary War. It was published in "The Singing Master's Assistant," one of the first music books produced in the United States. *Yankee Doodle* is a very old air, one of the most universal folk tunes of the world, and it is to be found in many of the European countries. It was very widely used in England in the early 18th Century. It is said that it was first introduced to America by Dr. Richard Shackburg, a joke-loving English doctor, who made up these words as a satire on the poor equipment and appearance of the Continental Army when it marched into Albany in the year 1755. Intended as a joke, it became one in truth, for the "Yankee Doodle" soldiers liked the tune so well that they took it as their own, and it was to this air that General Burgoyne laid down his sword at the Battle of Saratoga. Some authorities say that *Yankee Doodle* was played while General Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

It was but natural that attempts should have been made to write verses for the old air of *God Save the King*, which the Colonists had sung for so long. This melody has been attributed to Dr. John Bull, a musician who lived during the time of Queen Elizabeth, and also to Henry Carey, an English composer of the period of Bach and Handel. Many other countries besides England have used the same melody, and it was a familiar song with the Colonists, al-

though they could no longer sing the verses of *God Save the King*. An American setting entitled *God Save George Washington* attained much popularity. In 1779 appeared *An Ode to the Fourth of July* which was also received with enthusiasm. But it was not until 1832 that the words we sing as *America* (62) were written. The author of our present song was the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith of Boston, who wrote them for a Fourth of July children's celebration given at the Park Street Church and set them to the German version of the air.

Hail Columbia, Happy Land (64) has a most interesting history. The words were written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, the son of America's first native composer, for a benefit given at the Philadelphia Theater by young Gilbert Fox, the English actor. The tune to which these words were set was the old air known as the "President's March," which was originally played when George Washington crossed Trenton Bridge on his way to New York City for his inauguration. This march was written by a Philadelphia musician, of German birth, named Philip Phile. It had been a favorite in the later days of George Washington but achieved new fame and popularity as the song *Hail Columbia, Happy Land*.

Everyone knows the history of *The Star-Spangled Banner* (65) and of Francis Scott Key, the young Baltimore lawyer who made a visit the night of September 13, 1814, to the English battleship to secure the legal release of a friend. Key himself has left the story, well authenticated, of how the officers on the English boat entertained the two Americans and of how they all sang together the old drinking song, *To Anacreon in Heav'n*, during the evening. The commander refused to allow the Americans to return to Baltimore, because of the attack on Fort McHenry, which he was planning, so during the long night Key watched the bombardment—hoping and dreading. It was natural, therefore, that the words of this song should have come into his mind as being a perfect setting of the old tune which was still ringing in his ears. *To Anacreon in Heav'n* had been a popular song in Colonial days in America and many attempts had been made to set words to this air, but as *The Star-Spangled Banner* it lives today—the national anthem of America.

Of a little later period is the patriotic song, *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* (66). Some authorities say that this tune was originally an English air. It is still sung in Great Britain as *Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean*. The present words were first printed in America in 1843 and at that time both words and music were credited to David Shaw. Later, an English composer, named Thomas á Becket claimed that he wrote the music at the request of a singer, David Shaw, who composed the words. So, nowadays we give Thomas á Becket the credit for the music, while acknowledging Shaw as the author of the verses.

Chanteys and Sea Songs The War of 1812 was a war of the sea and, naturally, songs about the sea became the popular songs of America in the period immediately following the war. Americans sang the sea songs of England, as well as those that were written in America. During this period there developed on the sailing vessels of both lands a type of sailor song which is known as the chantey. These

chanteys are still to be heard sung by the sailors on sailing vessels today, but the coming of machine equipment has made it unnecessary for the sailor to be encouraged by song, as was the case when he was pulling upon the ropes or raising and lowering the sails. We include the following which are among the best known of the sailor chanteys, *Haul on the Bowlin'*; *Reuben Ranzo* (67) *The Dead Horse*; and *Blow the Man Down* (69). Besides these there are many more that deserve our interest. Many of these chanteys were sung also on the inland waterways, where the "voyageur" songs of France had been heard since Colonial Days. There are, however, a few chanteys which developed at this time on our inland rivers. *The Wide Missouri* (68) is an excellent example of this type of sailor song.

One of the most famous of the composed sea songs is *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* (71), which was written by Mrs. Emma Willard, a well known school teacher of New York City, while on a ship returning from Europe. Her verses were set to music by a young English composer, Joseph Philip Knight, who was a teacher of music in New York City. This song has long been a favorite with the basso singer. *Nancy Lee* (70), with words by Frederick E. Weatherly, and music by Stephen Adams, is of a little later period, but it classifies as one of the popular sea songs.

Songs of the Early 19th Century During the early pioneer days, it was natural that the Americans who were seeking new homes in unknown regions should have thought with aching hearts of the homes they had left behind and of the beautiful homes that they were hoping to establish in the new land. Therefore, songs of home were the most popular during the early pioneer days of the first half of the 19th Century. The greatest song of home that was ever written is *Home, Sweet Home* (72). The words, composed in 1823, by an American, John Howard Payne, were set to music by an English composer, Sir Henry R. Bishop, and the song first appeared in the play, written by Payne, which was called "Clari, the Maid of Milan". Here the melody was designated as "a Sicilian air". It is rather strange that the man who wrote the greatest song of home the world has ever known, should have been an outcast and a wanderer all his life, for John Howard Payne, although well-born, followed the life of a wanderer throughout his tragic career and died at Tunis in 1852. He often said that in his wanderings in foreign lands he would hear people singing or playing *Home, Sweet Home*, when he himself had not even a shilling to buy his next meal or a place to lay his head. A later song of home written by W. T. Wrighton is *The Dearest Spot on Earth* (73).

One of the most popular songs of this time, which is founded on the simple, homey things of life, is *The Old Oaken Bucket* (74). The verses of this song were written in 1817 by Samuel Woodworth and adapted by E. Kaillmark to an old tune that was called *Araby's Daughter*.

Another much loved song of the early 19th Century is *Juanita* (72) a setting of an old Spanish air to verses by the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton.

One of the favorite composers of America in the early 19th Century was an Englishman, named Thomas Haynes Bayly, who wrote the words and music for

several songs. Two of these, *Long, Long Ago* and *Gaily the Troubadour* (77) are regarded as American folk songs, for although Bayly was of English birth, his songs were published first in Philadelphia and his poems were even more popular in this country than in England.

The best seller of any song ever printed in America was *Ben Bolt* (75), which was first heard in 1848 and became at once the most universally loved song of the time. In the 90's when "Trilby" was receiving its great vogue in America, *Ben Bolt* again became a "best seller" in our country. The author of the words, Dr. Thomas Dunne English, and the composer of the music, Nelson Kneass, of Philadelphia, are but little known, yet the song, *Ben Bolt* is beloved all over the world.

Cousin Jedediah (76) by H. S. Thompson is an example of the narrative song which was a feature of Ye Olde Folkes' Concertte, a form of entertainment often presented by the singing societies of the early 19th Century. A popular dialogue song heard on the programs of many of these concerts was *Reuben and Rachel* (84).

Another form of entertainment attained popularity by the middle of the century. This was the Minstrel Show which toured all over the country and was an especial feature of the river show boats. Many of our best known songs date from the days of these first minstrel shows. *Wait for the Wagon* (79) was written by R. Bishop Buckley, an Englishman, who came to America and organized the Buckley's Minstrels in the year 1843. *Ole Dan Tucker* (84) is one of these minstrel tunes which, although written by an Englishman, Henry Russell, was a great favorite as a pioneer fiddle tune, as well as a minstrel song. A later minstrel musician was B. R. Hanby, who was one of the first to recognize the value of the Negro dialect song. *Ole Shady* (91) is an excellent early example of this type of song. Hanby also wrote *Darling Nelly Gray* (90).

The Blue Juniata (83) by Mrs. M. D. Sullivan is one of the first illustrations of the influence of the Indian on American song.

As we regard the great development of music in our public schools today, it seems hard to believe that it has all come in the past century. *Wildwood Flowers* (80) by Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872) "The Father of Public School Music in America" has been called "The Magna Charta of Music Education", as it was the singing of this song by the public school children of Boston on August 14, 1838, that brought the first recognition of music in the public schools. Dr. Mason was made Director of Music in the Boston schools and it was through him that school music began its great development in our country. Dr. Mason was much influenced by the German songs of the day which were attaining great vogue in America through the German immigration of the time. Many songs of this German type were written in America. *The Blue Alsatian Mountains* (78), *In the Starlight* (81), *When You and I Were Young Maggie* (82), and *The Little Brown Church in the Vale* (82) are all songs of this type.

Mountaineer Songs Many of the pioneers were driven into the Appalachians through their dread of Indian foes. There they settled and have remained,

and generations have grown up knowing only that which their forefathers had brought into the humble, mountain cabins with them. It is said that the oldest folk songs of England and Scotland are to be found in their purest version among these American mountaineers for the songs were never written down until recent days. They have been passed on from father to son, in the simple, old, primitive form of a bygone day. Some are songs which the mother and father sang to the children and which imitated barnyard cries. *Sour Wood Mountain* (86) is one of these old nursery songs which has long been forgotten in England, but which exists in various forms through the Appalachian regions. Another popular children's song, which quite evidently came originally from England is *I Had Four Brothers Over the Sea* (85). *Billy Boy* (86), probably the most universally known of the mountaineer songs, is in the ever popular version of a dialogue song. *Lord Lovell* (87) follows the plan of the old English ballad or story-telling song and, like all love songs of this period, one finds the rose and briar twining together over the graves of the lovers at the end. *Little Mohee* (88) shows the influence of Indian life on the mountaineer.

Sentimental Songs of Civil War Days The popular songs of the middle 19th Century vied with each other in a display of sentiment, so it is not surprising to find that such songs from Scotland as *Annie Laurie* (92) by Lady John Scott and *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* (93), a setting of Burns' poem, by J. E. Spilman should have been cordially adopted by the people of the United States. *The Last Rose of Summer* (92), an old Irish tune, used in Flotow's opera, "Martha", and *The Heart Bowed Down* (95) from Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl", both appealed to this sentimental feeling and soon were also acknowledged "best sellers" in our country. The great success achieved in America by *Kathleen Mavourneen* (94) brought its composer, F. W. Nicholls Crouch to America, where he lived until his death. America's best loved song of this time was *Listen to the Mocking-Bird* (89), written by a musician named Septimus Winner, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Alice Hawthorne. This song was constantly sung by both Confederate and Union soldiers during the Civil War and the crowds danced to its lilting measures on the lawns of the White House the night of General Lee's surrender.

Stephen C. Foster Songs The greatest composer of folk songs the world has ever known is our own Stephen Foster, of Pennsylvania, who was born on July 4, 1826, on the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. From his father and mother Foster inherited musical ability and a love for the art. As a child he had a rare understanding of the greatest and best in German, Italian and French music. His first composition, originally written for four flutes, was composed when he was but eighteen. Aided by a kind German musician of Pittsburgh, the boy began to compose music seriously. Feeling that the life of the Negro should be commemorated in music, Foster was one of the first to write the so-called plantation songs. His earliest works of this type were *Uncle Ned* (98) and *Oh! Susanna* (103), both written for a small singing society which he conducted with five of his friends. The popularity of the Negro minstrel troupe was just dawning in America and Foster's songs became at once

popular with these organizations. It is said that E. P. Christy, the leader of the famous Christy Minstrels paid Stephen Foster \$400.00 for the privilege of having his name inscribed as the author of *The Old Folks at Home* (96). This song has an interesting history. It was written in 1851, but after it was finished Foster had no idea as to what river he should put into the text. He wanted a word of two syllables which would sound melodious and, after searching the map for days, he discovered the little Swanee River down in Florida which has become immortal through this song. *My Old Kentucky Home* (97) was inspired by the old plantation home of the Foster family in Kentucky where Stephen Foster often visited his relatives as a child. *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground* (99) was written the year after *The Old Folks at Home* and gives a lovely picture in tone of the plantation life in the Upper South. *Old Black Joe* (98), written in 1860, was the last plantation song Foster gave us. In this song he makes the Negro a lovable character and it is chiefly for this reason that *Old Black Joe* has held its popularity through all these long years. *Hard Times, Come Again No More* (102) was written in 1854 and is one of Foster's songs which deserves to be better known. *Gentle Annie*; *Fairy-Belle* (100); and *Ring, Ring the Banjo* (101) all belong to the sentimental type of song popular during the days before the Civil War. No song was more popular with the pioneer of this period than *Old Dog Tray* (102), written in 1853, and the best seller of this time. It is said that over 100,000 copies of this song were sold in the year following its publication.

Patriotic Songs of the Civil War The greatest patriotic songs of any nation are the songs that were written during the Civil War in America. One of the most popular songs of the South was *Maryland, My Maryland*—the rather fiery words of James Ryder Randall of Baltimore set to the old German song *O Tannenbaum* rendered here as *O Christmas Pine* (135). This tune became so typically American that even when our troops marched away to fight in 1917 and 1918 our bands frequently played *Maryland, My Maryland*. Another favorite song of the South was, curiously, written by a Northerner. This is *Dixie Land* (104) composed by Daniel D. Emmett, a member of the Bryant Minstrels, a troupe which was very popular at this time. *Dixie Land* was originally a "walk-around" for the troupe to sing and dance at the ending of their programs, and authorities tell us that the word Dixie, in this particular connection, did not refer to the Mason and Dixon Line, but to a plantation on Long Island, owned by a Mr. Dix. This farm was worked after the manner of a southern plantation, although the Negroes were free and well paid for their services, and "Dixie's Land" became synonymous with heaven, in the minds of the Negroes. The words have been slightly changed since those days, so that now when we say, "Way Down South in Dixie," we mean the land below the Mason and Dixon Line.

As the North gave the South its best war tune, so the South gave the North its first great war song, in *John Brown's Body*, which became our great American hymn, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* (105). Originally a hymn tune said to have been taken from a Negro spiritual, by one William Steffe, a popular writer of Sunday School hymns in Charleston, South Carolina, this tune made its

way into the Methodist hymnals of the white people, as well as retaining its popularity among the Negro camp meetings. After the great event of Harper's Ferry, the tune was set to verses, called "John Brown's Body Lies a Moldering in the Grave" and became the camp song of the Tiger Battalion of the 12th Massachusetts Regiment outside of Boston. This singing battalion added many verses of their own, in satire of one of their under officers, a Scotchman named John Brown, who was the butt of ridicule in the entire regiment. On their way through Boston and New York and again in Washington, the Tigers sang their song on the march and this increased its popularity. In December, 1861, a party of Bostonians went with President Lincoln to visit the camp outside of Washington. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was a member of this party. She liked the old tune and that night wrote the words of the great *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, which are now familiar to all the world. It is interesting to know that the first English troops on their way to Belgium in 1914 marched down the Strand singing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord".

Some people have confused *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* with *The Battle Cry of Freedom* (106), which is one of the great songs of the Civil War. The words and music of this song were written by George F. Root, a famous musician who lived in Hyde Park, now a part of the City of Chicago. President Lincoln had issued his second call for troops, but many felt that the reading of his Proclamation would not be accepted with favor. George F. Root, knowing that the Proclamation was to be read at City Hall Square in Chicago, wrote this new song for the occasion, and it was sung for the first time by the famous Lombard brothers at this noonday meeting. The crowd began singing the chorus instantly. The song went into the army and President Lincoln himself wrote Mr. Root that he felt his song had aided greatly in the winning of the Civil War. Other songs by Mr. Root of a more sentimental character were, *Just Before the Battle Mother* (106), and the famous prison song, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching* (108), which kept up the spirits of many poor lads in Andersonville and Libby prisons. One of the songs of the Civil War, which is still universally sung, is *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground* (109). This was written by a young man in New Hampshire, named Walter Kittredge, who on account of poor health was unable to join the army, so devoted himself to the cause of good music in the camps. Kittredge published the first Union song book in 1861 and in the following year appeared his "Tenting Tonight" which became not only popular in the camps, but also in the homes of the North.

There are few songs written that are more jolly than *The Girl I Left Behind Me* (110) and *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* (111). *The Girl I Left Behind Me* was an old Irish song which had been popular in Colonial Days and which came again into use at the time of the Civil War as the tune all the bands played when the boys marched away to war. Patrick Gilmore, the old band leader who wrote his songs under the name of "Louis Lambert", loved to play this old Irish tune with his band and he felt it would be of interest to write a tune to welcome the boys when they came back home. But *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* became not only the tune played on the return of the soldier lads, but also the air used when they marched away. Another farewell song was an old

German folk song, called *The Soldier's Farewell* (107), which was written by a woman, Johanna Kinkel.

The Song of a Thousand Years (110) by Henry C. Work is one of the Civil War Songs which should never be forgotten. "Speed our Republic," usually called *Kellar's American Hymn* (108) after its author, Matthias Keller, a German musician of Boston, was originally written for the great Peace Celebration held in Boston at the close of the war. One of the early songs of the Civil War is L. O. Emerson's *We are Coming, Father Abra'am* (112), written in response to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers.

Songs of the 70's and 80's After the Civil War, George F. Root wrote several songs that attained popularity, the best known of these being *There's Music in the Air* (113). Henry Work also achieved fame as a sentimental song composer with *Grandfather's Clock* (114), found on many concert programs of the 70's and 80's.

Stars of the Summer Night (113), a setting by Isaac Woodbury of the lovely poem by Longfellow; *In the Gloaming* (117) by Annie Harrison, an Englishwoman; *Sweet and Low* (118) by Joseph Barnby, a setting of Tennyson's poem; and *Love's Old Sweet Song* (115) by J. L. Molloy have never relinquished their place in the affections of Americans who love to sing. *The Tree in the Wood* (116), said to have been originally an old English folk song, and *Jingle Bells* (119) became as popular in American homes as they had been in American colleges.

College Songs From our college glee clubs have also come many of our popular songs which retain their place in our repertoire even today. *Polly Wolly Doodle* (120), with its quaint refrain, *The Bull-Dog* (123) a satire on the dialogue song, *My Last Cigar* (121), *Where, O Where* (124), and *Noah's Ark* (125) are all of a humorous character. Of this type also is *Menagerie* (120) which commemorates in song the achievements of America's first circus manager, one Van Amberg who made his winter headquarters in the City of Chicago. *Nut Brown Maiden* (124), *The Quilting Party* (122), and *Good-Night Ladies* (122) are college songs of a more sentimental character that were frequently sung by serenading parties.

Songs Inherited From Other Lands Beside the songs from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, and Spain which came into America during our early Colonial days; we are now assimilating many songs which the immigration of the middle 19th Century brought to America from Germany, Italy, Ireland, Wales, Scandinavia, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and Russia. Many people seem to feel that America has no right to claim as her own any music which has come to her through her foreign-born citizens, yet in the development of every great school of music each country has brought in folk music which has come to her through political changes. The music of the homeland of our foreign-born Americans has come into our land as a gift of love by those people who have brought the best of their fatherland to pour into this "Melting Pot" and help in the making of the future America. We have already assimilated many of the loveliest of

these folk songs which came to our land in early days, and it is natural that today we should be singing, as our own, many of the folk songs which immigration has brought to us. The Germans who came to this country in the middle of the 19th Century brought many of their old songs with them. Some of these we no longer recognize as German songs for we have sung them so much with English words that we never stop to think of their origin. *O Christmas Pine—(O Tannenbaum)* (135) is one of these and *Sleep, Baby, Sleep* (135), said by some authorities to have come from Alsace, is another. It is a curious thing to know, too, that many of the German folk songs were popular in this country long before they were known as favorites in their native land. *Silent Night, Holy Night* by Gruber, *Forsaken* (138) by Koschat, and *In the Time of Roses* (136) written by J. Reichardt were known and loved in America before they received recognition in their own land. *How Can I Leave Thee* (136) is an old Thuringian folk song which came with the early German settlers into Pennsylvania and *The Loreley* (137), the most popular of all the Silcher composed folk songs has always been in great vogue in America.

From Italy have come several popular favorites. *A Merry Life (Funiculi, Funicula)* (143) by Denza written in 1880 to commemorate the opening of the funicular railway to the top of Mt. Vesuvius; *Santa Lucia* (145), the lovely old boat song of Naples; *O Sole Mio (My Sunshine)* (144) by Eduardo di Capua, and *The Venetian Song* (145), an old boat song known as *The Carnival of Venice* set to the words of Thomas Moore; are all as often heard and sung in America today as in Italy.

From Wales, the tiny land of song, came many famous singing societies who established contests or "Eisteddfods" which have helped to make America realize the importance of choral singing. From Wales came two of the loveliest of legendary folk songs *The Ash Grove* (150) and *All Through The Night* (151), while the stirring marching song *March of The Men of Harlech* (152) has attained universal popularity in America. Later Irish immigration brought to America *Killarney* (141) by Balfe and *The Low-Backed Car* (142), the latter being Samuel Lover's setting of an old Irish air.

From the Northlands came *The Perfect Rose* (133), originally a Christmas carol of Denmark, a lovely example of legendary folk song. A curious song of Norway is *Old Norway (Gamle Norge)* (147) a song of the homesick immigrant far from his beloved land, which although popular throughout Scandinavia is said to have been born on Halsted Street, Chicago. Equally popular in Norway, as in Sweden, is *Vermeland Thou Lovely Land* (148) which shows the longing of the immigrant for the home of his birth. Vermeland is a province of Gothland, Sweden, on the border of Norway, hence the song is known in both countries. Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," did much to make the songs of her homeland popular in America. She also introduced the old Tyrolean air *O Take Me Back to Switzerland* (150) which had great vogue in our country.

From middle Europe with the great Bohemian migration to America came three lovely songs which are sung today quite as much in the United States as in Czechoslovakia. One of these, "Hail Slovaks!" (*Hymn of the Slavs*) (131), is a song

sung by all Slavic people. Another is *Over Tatra* (132) which tells of the famous mountains from whence have come so many political storms. *Where Is My Home?* (132) is still another Bohemian song of the immigrant.

American music lovers are familiar with Hungarian rhythms from the compositions of Franz Liszt and Johannes Brahms. We gave a royal welcome in a bygone day to Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist. Since his great popularity in our land we have cherished as our own the Hungarian *Heron Song* (140) which Liszt uses in his Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14, also in his Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra.

From Poland have come two jolly happy songs, the *Mazurek* (146) and the most popular of all convivial songs *Jacob, Drink!* (146).

Russian songs are beginning to become popular in America, but none has ever been received with such enthusiasm here as *The Volga Boatmen* (149), the famous barge-pullers' song from the Ukraine.

Little Hawaii has contributed much to our popular dance music through her songs with their plaintive ukelele accompaniment. Her song of farewell, *Aloha Oe* (139) has been brought back to us by many returning visitors from the land of sunshine, and this song arranged by the late Hawaiian Queen Liliuokalani is much beloved in our land.

The World War brought into our American repertoire the national songs of our Allies. *Rule, Britannia* (129) by James Thompson, a Scotchman, and Thomas Arne, an Englishman, had been sung by Britishers since 1740, but we did not generally accept it here until the late war. *The Maple Leaf Forever* (128), Canada's national hymn since 1871 is by Alexander Muir. This song of our neighbors we learned to love during war days. While the stirring *Marseillaise Hymn* (134) by Rouget de Lisle has been popular in our land since it first burst forth in the French Revolution, it took on new significance when our boys sang it overseas. *La Brabanconne* (130) by Francois van Campenhout dates from 1830 when it became the national anthem of Belgium, but since 1914 it is a song America too has made her own.

Favorite Hymns of America America has ever taken a pride in her hymn writers from the time of William Billings and Oliver Holden to that of Lowell Mason (1792-1872). To Mason, America owes her greatest debt for the simple homely expressions of religion in music. Beyond question the best beloved American hymn is Lowell Mason's *Nearer My God To Thee* (155) set to the verses of Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, an Englishwoman, whose noble poems inspired several hymn writers. It is said the original air was an old English tune which Mason adapted to suit his needs. *My Faith Looks Up To Thee* (157) was first published in Mason's Hymnal, "Spiritual Songs of Social Worship," published in 1831. This musical setting, one of Mason's early hymns, was inspired by the verses of Reverend Ray Palmer, a Congregational minister in New England. *Safely Through Another Week* (158) is another lovely hymn by Mason. The verses were written in 1774 by Reverend John Newton, a rough sailor, who after his conversion became a prominent minister in England. *Work For The Night Is Coming* (154) is another hymn by Mason set to verses by Anne Walker-Coghill.

Lord of All Beings, Throned Afar (154) was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table". The most popular setting of this lovely hymn was made by Virgil Corydon Taylor (1817-1891), a musician of Connecticut.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul (155) "the hymn of the sinner" was written in the 18th Century by Charles Wesley. It was set to music by Simeon B. Marsh, an American, in 1834.

God Be With You Till We Meet Again (159) was written by Reverend Jeremiah Eames Rankin and William Gould Tomer (1832-1896), the writer of the collection "Gospel Hymns". Tomer was a soldier in the Civil War and wrote in the style of George F. Root and Henry C. Work.

A popular hymn in America is *Blest Be The Tie That Binds* (158). The verses were written in 1772 by Reverend John Fawcett, an English clergyman. The music was written by the German composer, Johann George Nageli (1768-1856).

Many of the favorite hymns of America were written by Englishmen. *Abide With Me* (157) was conceived by Henry Francis Lyte, an English clergyman of the early 19th Century. The music was composed by William Henry Monk (1823-1899), a popular English organist.

Lead Kindly Light (156) is one of the most universally beloved hymns. The verses were written by Cardinal John Henry Newman, an Englishman, the music being the composition of the Reverend John B. Dykes, an English minister who was also a musician of rare ability.

Faith of Our Fathers (156) by Frederick William Faber set by H. F. Hemy and *O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand* (153) by Leonard Bacon and John Hatton are both favorite hymns of America.

But the two outstanding hymns of all Christian people are *Onward Christian Soldiers* (153) by Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, the famous English minister, set to the stirring measures of Sir Arthur Sullivan; and *Now The Day Is Over* (159) also a hymn by Baring-Gould which Sir Joseph Barnby has set to music. These hymns have been called "the two greatest musical expressions of religious thought".

Later American Patriotic Songs One of our own great stirring national songs was but little known to the general public of America until the World War. This is the vigorous *Marines' Hymn* (127). Another national hymn of America which has come into rightful place since the World War is *America, The Beautiful* (126). These verses written by Katherine Lee Bates in 1893 were inspired by a trip to the west following her visit to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The most popular setting of these verses is to the hymn, "Materna" by Samuel E. Ward.

Among other songs which were very popular during the World War and which will doubtless remain in America's hearts in the years to come are: *The Long, Long Trail*; *Pack Up Your Troubles*; *Smiles*; *Tipperary*; and *Over There*. These we are unable to include because the copyrights are controlled by others.

Hiawatha's Wooing

21

LONGFELLOW

DACOTAH INDIAN MELODY

Not fast Soprano and Alto in unison.

mp

1. And then add - ed Hi - a - wa - tha,
 2. And the an - cient ar - row mak - er,
 3. And the love - ly laugh - ing wa - ter

mp Tenor and Bass sing "Ah" to drum imitation.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, _____

"That this peace may last for - ev - er,
 Paused a mo - ment ere he an - swered,
 Seemed more love - ly as she stood there,

And our hearts be more u - nit - ed, Give me
 "Yes, if Min - ne - ha - ha wish - es. Let your
 While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will

as my wife this maid - en"
 heart speak, Min - ne - ha - ha"
 fol - low you, my hus - band"

Prayer To The Great Spirit

HARMONIZED BY M. E. O.

To Git-chi Man-i-tou prais-es be To Git-chi Man-i-tou prais-es be, prais-es be.

A Huron Christmas Chant

WORDS BY A. S. F. O.

HARMONIZED BY M. E. O.

The first system of the musical score is written in 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a half note G3 in the first measure, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'To Thee, dear Je - sus, Now we raise our song of praise and' are written below the staves.

To Thee, dear Je - sus, Now we raise our song of praise and

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'love. To Thee we bring our choic-est gifts and pray to Thee a -' are written below the staves.

love. To Thee we bring our choic-est gifts and pray to Thee a -

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'bove. Lord Je - sus, from the star - ry sky look down on us. Be' are written below the staves.

bove. Lord Je - sus, from the star - ry sky look down on us. Be

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'ev - er nigh. Our gifts we bring with our love. To Thee, dear' are written below the staves.

ev - er nigh. Our gifts we bring with our love. To Thee, dear

The fifth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'Je - sus, now we raise our song of love.' are written below the staves.

Je - sus, now we raise our song of love.

Deep River

23

SPIRITUAL

Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

Lento

p-pp

Deep — Riv-er, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, Deep —

p-pp

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The first staff begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to camp-ground. camp-ground.

Stop, last time only. 1 2 *Fine.*

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The first staff has a first ending bracket with two endings. The second ending leads to a 'Fine' marking. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Oh, don't you want to go to that gos-pel feast, That

mf

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

prom - is'd land where all is peace? Oh,

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

don't you want to go to that prom - is'd land where all is peace?

D. C. al Fine

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The system ends with a 'D. C. al Fine' marking.

Steal Away

SPIRITUAL

Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

Slowly

Steal a way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Fine

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trem - bling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The

D.C.

trum - pet sounds with - in a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

SPIRITUAL

hm CHORUS
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home,
hm

LEADER CHORUS *Fine*
hm hm
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

LEADER **CHORUS**

1. I looked o-ver Jordan and what did I see,
 2. If you get there be-fore I do,
 3. The bright-est day that ev-er I saw,
 4. I'm some-times up and some-times down,

Comin' fo' to car-ry me home,

LEADER **CHORUS**

A band of ang-els com-in' af-ter me,
 Tell all my friends I'm com-in' too,
 When Je-sus washed my sins a-way,
 But still my soul feels heav'n-ly bound,

Comin' fo' to car-ry me home.

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

SPiritUAL

Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

mf *Slowly*

Oh, no-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!

Fine

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. Some-times I'm up, some-
 1. Al-though you see me
 2. One day when I was
 2. I nev-er shall for-

times I'm down; Oh,yes, Lord; Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh,yes, Lord.
 going along so, Oh,yes, Lord; I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh,yes, Lord.
 walk-ing a-long, Oh,yes, Lord; The element open'd, and the Love came down, Oh,yes, Lord.
 get that day, Oh,yes, Lord; When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, Oh,yes, Lord.

It's a-Me, O Lord

(Standin' in the Need of Prayer)

SPiritUAL
Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

It's a - me — It's a - me, O Lord, Stand-in' in the need of

mf-pp - 2nd time

pray'r, yes, Lord! It's a - me — It's a me, O Lord,

Fine.

Stand-in' in the need of pray'r (of pray'r).

1. Not my broth-er, (no) it's a -
2. Not my fath-er, (no) it's a -

me, O Lord, Not my sis-ter, It's a - me, O Lord,
me, O Lord, Not my moth-er, It's a - me, O Lord,

(no)

Stand-in' in the need of pray'r, It's a - me, Stand-in' in the need of pray'r.

I Want To Be Ready

27

SPIRITUAL

Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

1. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To
 2. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To
 3. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To

Last time molto rall. Fine.

walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. John said the cit-y was just four-square, Walk in Jerusalem
 walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. Oh, John! oh, John! what do you say? Walk in Jerusalem
 walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. When Peter was preaching at Pentecost, Walk in Jerusalem

D. C. al Fine

just like John, And he declared he'd meet me there, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.
 just like John, That I'll be there at the com-ing day, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.
 just like John, He was endowed with the Ho-ly Ghost, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.

Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

SPIRITUAL

Arr. by WALTER GOODELL

I could-nt hear no-bod-y pray; O I could-nt hear no-bo-dy pray, O

'way down yon-der by my-self O I could-nt hear no-bo-dy pray (all a-lone)
 2. (Help me Lord!)

Couldn't hear no-bo-dy pray (Kneelin' down) Couldn't hear no-bo-dy pray.
 2. (In my trou-ble)

Mary And Martha

SPIRITUAL

mf

1. Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long, Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long

Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long To ring those charming bells, crying: "Free grace and

Free grace and

dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love," To

Free grace and

ring those charming bells — Oh, way o - ver Jord-dan, Lord, Way o - ver

Those bells

Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

(lower notes ad lib.) Those bells.

2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, etc. My father and mother's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells. — To ring those charming bells. —
Cho. — Crying: "Free grace," etc. Cho. — Crying: "Free grace," etc.
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells. —
Cho. — Crying: "Free grace," etc.

The Old Ark A-Moverin' Along

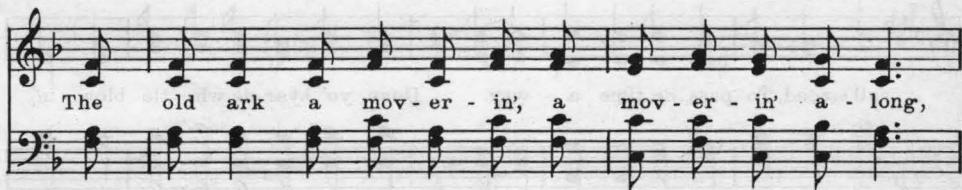
29

SPIRITUAL

Leisurely



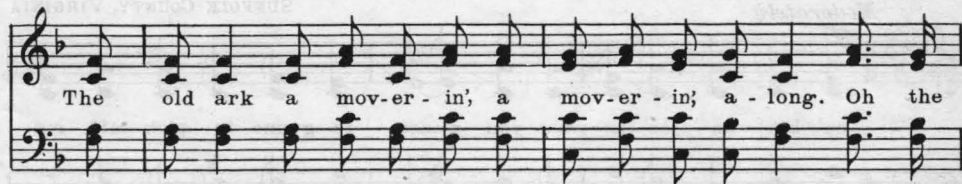
1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber
4. And when the ark was fin - ished all ac - cord - ing to the plan
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing
7. That aw - ful rain it stopped at last the wat - ers sub - sid - ed



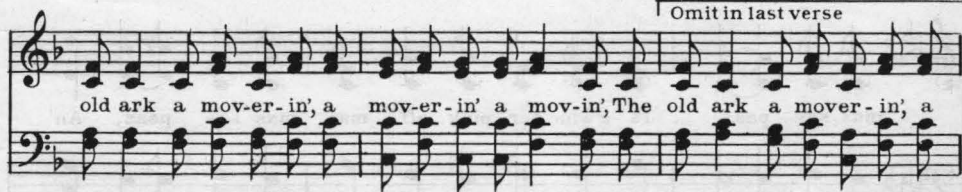
The old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a - long,



1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.
2. They built that ark ac - cord - ing to the Lord's com - mand.
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin - ger.
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.
5. The wick - ed they hung all a - round with groans and cries.
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.

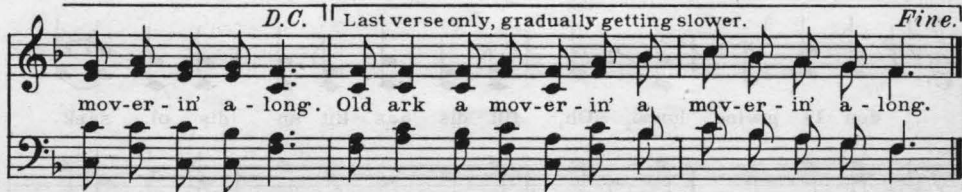


The old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a - long. Oh the



old ark a mov - er - in', a mov - er - in' a mov - in', The old ark a mover - in', a

Omit in last verse



mov - er - in' a - long. Old ark a mov - er - in' a mov - er - in' a - long.

D.C. || Last verse only, gradually getting slower.

Fine.

Levee Song

(Wukkin' On De Railroad)

CHORUS

I've been wukkin' on de rail-road All de live-long day; I've been wukkin' on de

rail - road, To pass de time a - way. Doan yo' hyar de whis - tle blow - in',

Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn; Doan yo' hyar de caph shoutin' Dinah blow yo' hawn!

Peanut Pickin' Song

SUFFOLK COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Moderately

mf

You' kin do jes' - a what you please, I's gwine to pick off ma

mas - sa's peas, I's gwine ter pick off ma mas sa's peas, An'

den I's gwine home, Oh, fill dis bas - kit an dis ol sack.

Den I's gwine home. Show ol' Mas - sa when he gits back,

SOLO

Den I's gwine home, Gwineter sen' me to de Big-house fer ter git off dat rack,

Den I's gwine home, His ol' coat fer ter put on ma back, Den I's gwine home.

Li'l 'Liza Jane

Lively
mf

OLD SLAVE SONG

1. You got a gal an' I got none, Li'l 'Li - za Jane;
2. I got a house in Bal - ti - mo', Li'l 'Li - za Jane;
3. Brus-sels car - pet on my flo', Li'l 'Li - za Jane;
4. Come, my love, an' live with me, Li'l 'Li - za Jane;

Come, my love an' be my one, Li'l 'Li - za Jane.
Street cars run - nin' by my do', Li'l 'Li - za Jane.
Sil - ver door - plate on my do', Li'l 'Li - za Jane.
I'll take ver-y good care of thee, Li'l 'Li - za Jane.

O, E - li - za, Li'l 'Li - za Jane! O, E - li - za, Li'l 'Li - za Jane!

Caroline

CREOLE SONG

Lively

One, two, three, Car - o - line, Tell us what's the mat-ter with thee,

One, two, three, Car - o - line, Tell us what's the mat-ter with thee, Pa -

pa says yes, Ma - ma says no, Pa - pa says yes, Ma - ma says no, I

want but him, He wants but me, I want but him, He wants but me.

mf *rit.*

Musieu Bainjo

CREOLE SONG

Lively

See that mu-la-to play-ing the ban-jo, Is-n't he in-so-lent? Hat on one side,

O Mu-sieu Bainjo! Cane in right-hand, O Mu-sieu Bainjo! Boots that say "crink crank,"

O Mu-sieu Bainjo! See that mu-la-to play-ing the ban-jo Is-n't he in-so-lent?

mp

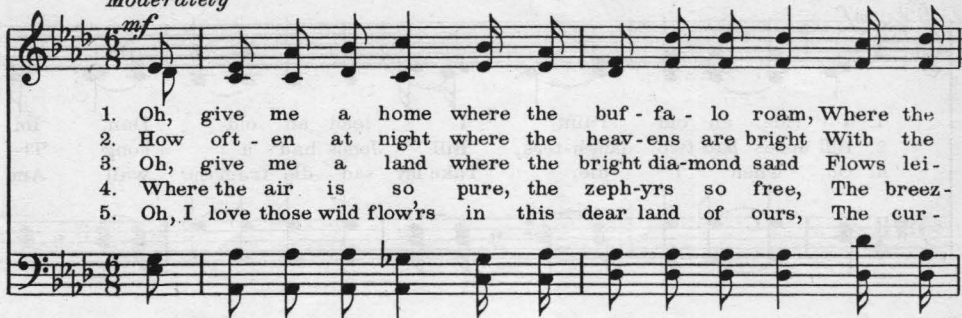
Home On The Range

33

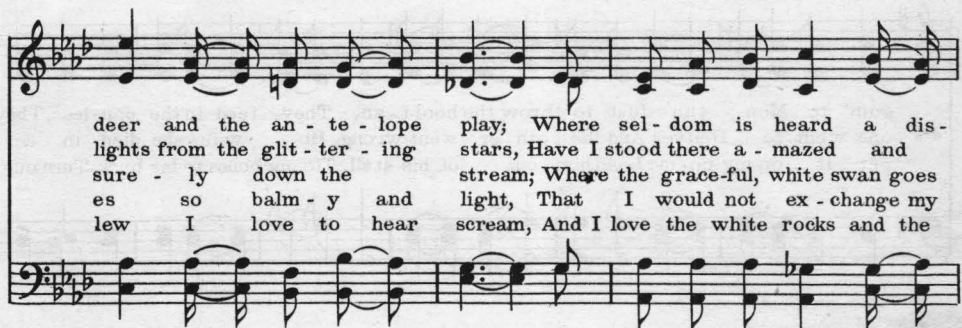
Moderately

COWBOY SONG

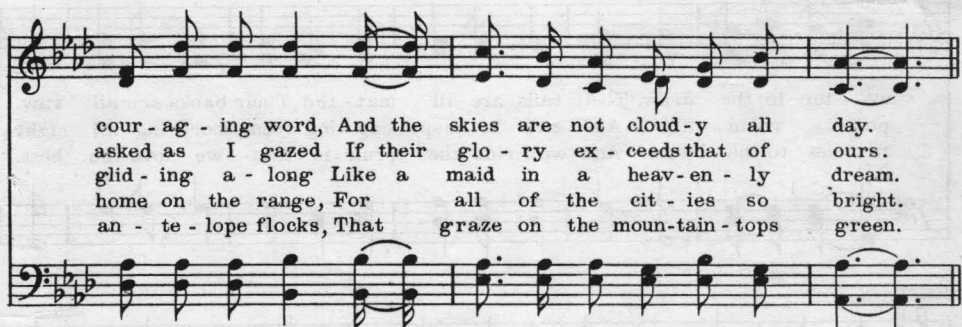
mf



1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
2. How oft - en at night where the heav - ens are bright With the
3. Oh, give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand Flows lei -
4. Where the air is so pure, the zeph - yrs so free, The breez -
5. Oh, I love those wild flowrs in this dear land of ours, The cur -

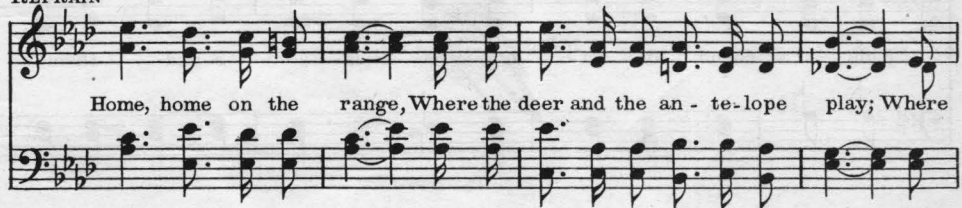


deer and the an - te - lope play; Where sel - dom is heard a dis -
lights from the glit - ter - ing stars, Have I stood there a - mazed and
sure - ly down the stream; Where the grace - ful, white swan goes
es so balm - y and light, That I would not ex - change my
lew I love to hear scream, And I love the white rocks and the

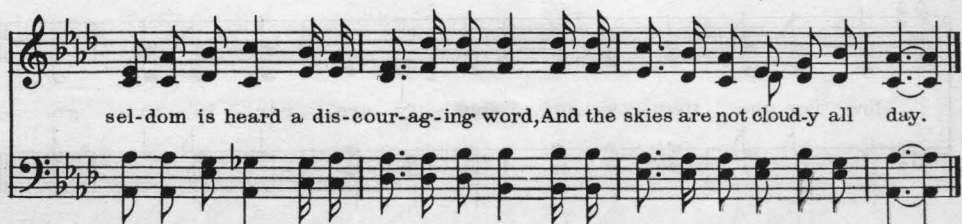


cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.
asked as I gazed If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.
glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream.
home on the range, For all of the cit - ies so bright.
an - te - lope flocks, That graze on the moun - tain - tops green.

REFRAIN



Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an - te - lope play; Where



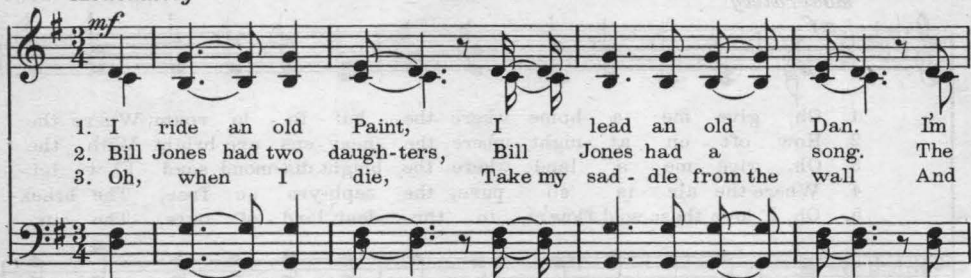
sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

I Ride An Old Paint

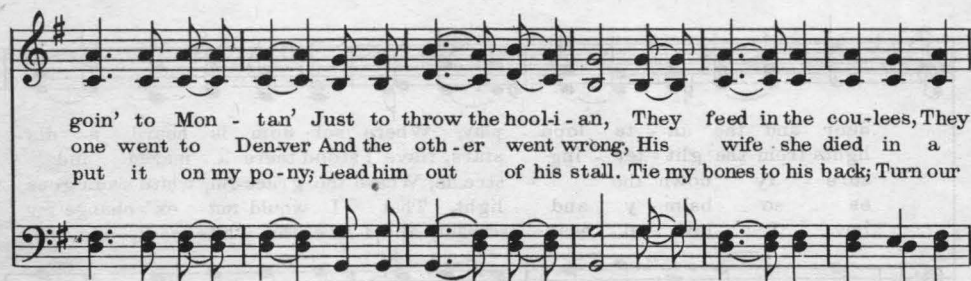
Moderately

COWBOY SONG

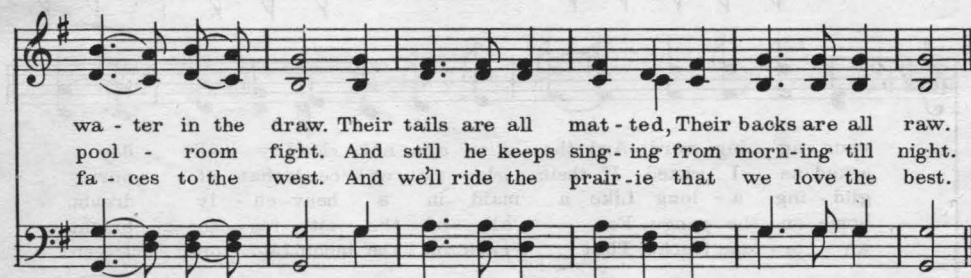
mf



1. I ride an old Paint, I lead an old Dan. I'm
 2. Bill Jones had two daugh-ters, Bill Jones had a song. The
 3. Oh, when I die, Take my sad - dle from the wall And



goin' to Mon - tan' Just to throw the hool-i-an, They feed in the cou-lees, They
 one went to Den-ver And the oth-er went wrong, His wife she died in a
 put it on my po-ny; Lead him out of his stall. Tie my bones to his back; Turn our

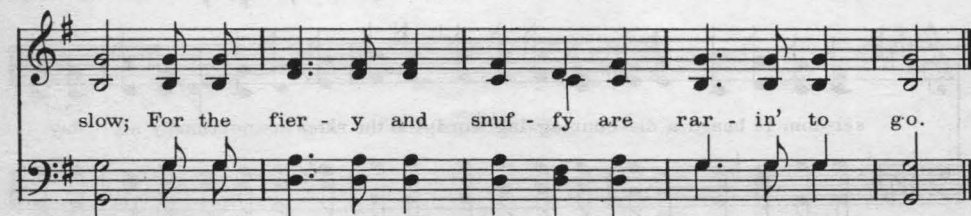


wa - ter in the draw. Their tails are all mat-ted, Their backs are all raw.
 pool - room fight. And still he keeps sing-ing from morn-ing till night.
 fa - ces to the west. And we'll ride the prair-ie that we love the best.

REFRAIN



Ride a - round lit - tle dog - ies, Ride a - round them



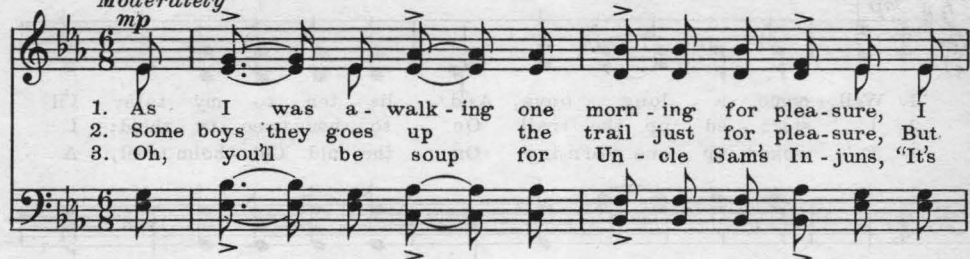
slow; For the fier - y and snuf - fy are rar - in' to go.

Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along, Little Dogies

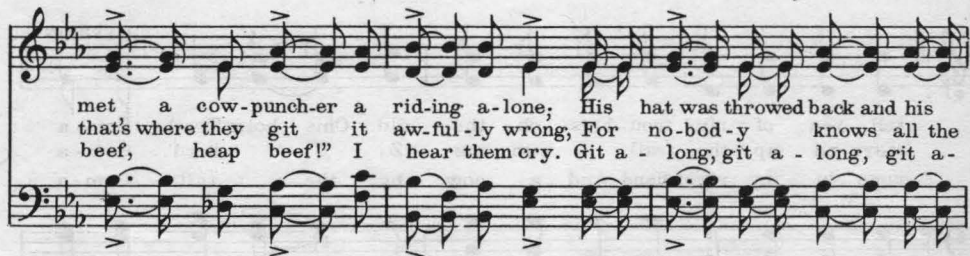
35

COWBOY SONG

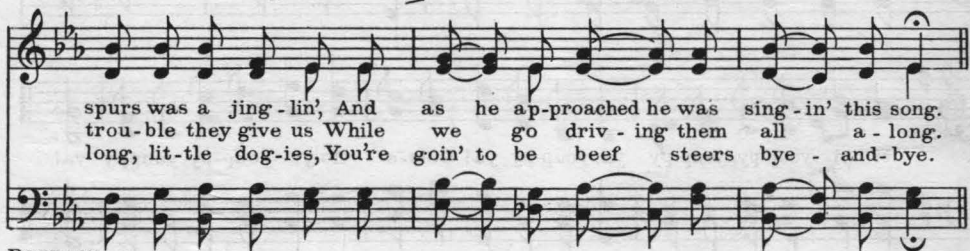
Moderately
mp



1. As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing for plea-sure, I
2. Some boys they goes up the trail just for plea-sure, But
3. Oh, you'll be soup for Un-cle Sam's In-juns, "It's

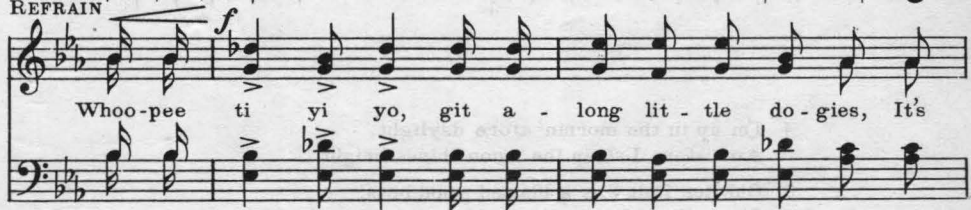


met a cow-punch-er a rid-ing a-lone; His hat was throwed back and his
that's where they git it aw-ful-ly wrong; For no-bod-y knows all the
beef, heap beef!" I hear them cry. Git a-long, git a-long, git a-

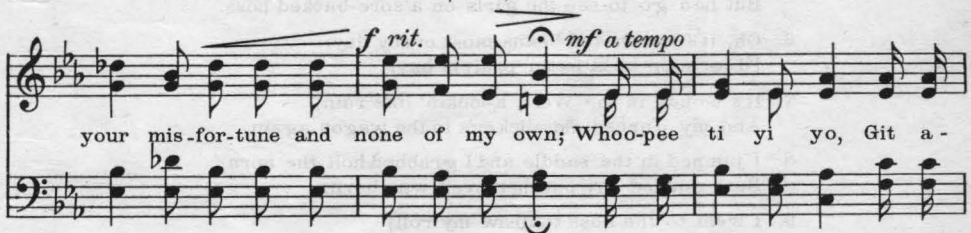


spurs was a jing-lin', And as he ap-proached he was sing-in' this song.
trou-ble they give us While we go driv-ing them all a-long.
long, lit-tle dog-ies, You're goin' to be beef steers bye-and-bye.

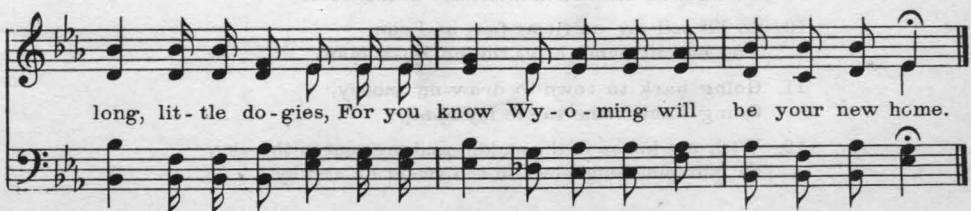
REFRAIN



Whoo-pee ti yi yo, git a-long lit-tle do-gies, It's



your mis-for-tune and none of my own; Whoo-pee ti yi yo, Git a-



long, lit-tle do-gies, For you know Wy-o-ming will be your new home.

The Old Chisholm Trail

COWBOY SONG

*Moderately**mp*

1. Well, come a - long, boys, And lis - ten to my tale; I'll
 2. I start - ed up the trail Oe - to - ber twen - ty - third; I
 3. I woke up one morn-ing On the old Chis - holm trail, A

REFRAIN

tell you of my trou - bles on the old Chis - holm Trail Com - a
 start - ed up the trail with the Z. U. herd. Com - a
 rope in my right hand And a cow by the tail. Com - a

ti - yi youp-py, youp-py ya, youp-py ya! Com - a ti - yi youp-py, youppy ya!

4. I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight,
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.
5. Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-backed hoss.
6. Oh, it's bacon and beans most every day;
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.
7. It's cloudy in the West, a-lookin' like rain,
And my durned old slicker's in the wagon again.
8. I jumped in the saddle and I grabbed holt the horn;
Best durned cowpuncher ever was born.
9. I went to the boss to draw my roll;
He figured me out nine dollars in the hole.
10. So I'll sell my outfit as fast as I can,
And I won't punch cows for no boss man.
11. Going back to town to draw my money,
Going back home to see my honey.
12. With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by.

The Dying Cowboy

37

COWBOY SONG

Touchingly

1. Oh, bur - y me not on the lone prair-ie: Where the coy - otes
2. It mat - ters not I've oft been told, Where the bod - y

howl and the wind blows free. In a nar - row grave Just
lies when the heart grows cold. Yet grant, oh grant, This

six by three; Oh, bur - y me not on the lone prair-ie.
wish to me: Oh, bur - y me not on the lone prair-ie.

3

"I've always wished to be laid when I died.
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

4

"Let my death-slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there;
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

5

"O bury me not" and his voice failed there.
But we took no heed of his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

6

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain —
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain —
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

7

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me.
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save".

Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Old Hundredth—The Doxology)

THOMAS KEN

LOUIS BOURGEOIS

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heavh-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1736
JOHN LOGAN, 1781

Dundee

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615

1. O God of Beth-el, by Whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
2. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wand-ring foot-steps guide;
3. O spread Thy shelt-ring wings a-round, Till all our wand-rings cease,

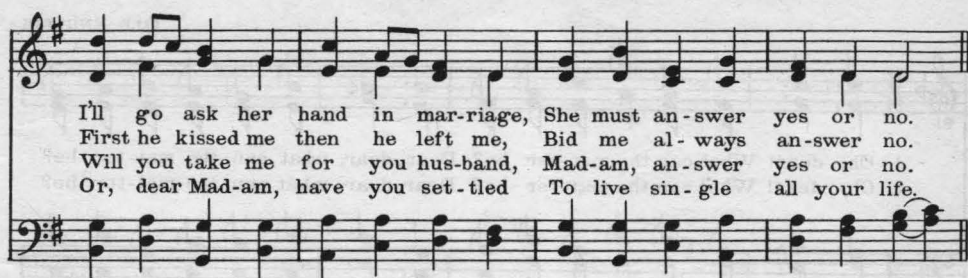
Who thro' this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led;
Give us each day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
And at our Fa-ther's loved a-bode Our souls ar-rive in peace!

O No, John

Rather fast

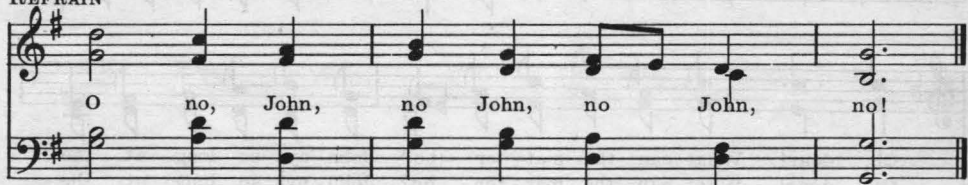
ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. On yon-der hill there stands a crea-ture, Who she is I do not know;
2. My fa-ther was a Span-ish cap-tain, Went to sea a month-a-go;
3. O Mad-am, in your face is beau-ty, On your lips red ros-es grow;
4. O hark! I hear the church-bells ring-ing Will you come and be my wife?



I'll go ask her hand in mar-riage, She must an-swer yes or no.
First he kissed me then he left me, Bid me al-ways an-swer no.
Will you take me for you hus-band, Mad-am, an-swer yes or no.
Or, dear Mad-am, have you set-tled To live sin-gle all your life.

REFRAIN

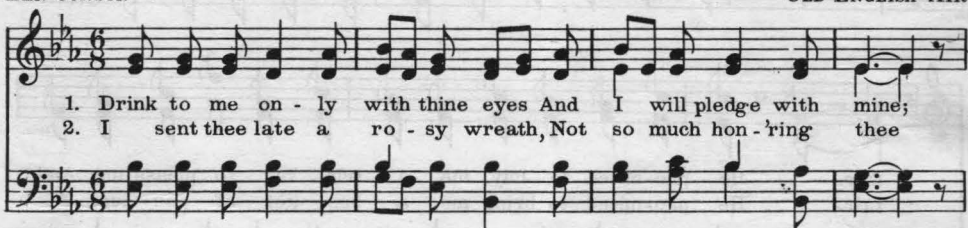


O no, John, no John, no John, no!

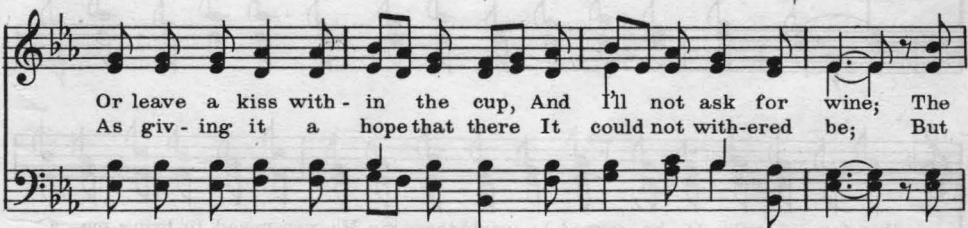
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

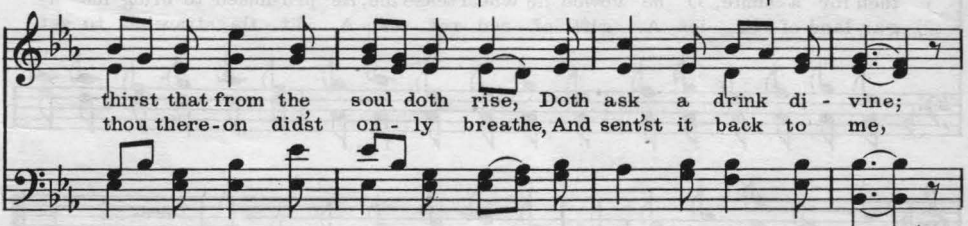
OLD ENGLISH AIR



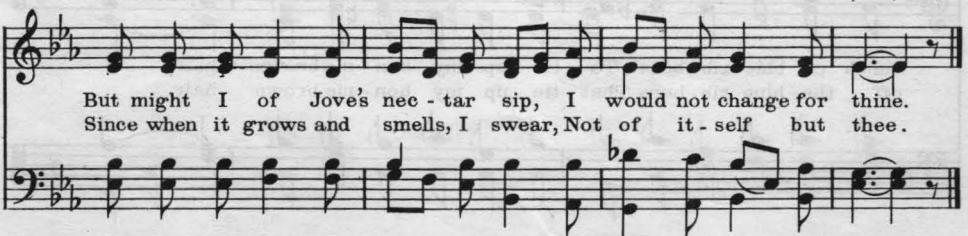
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - ring thee



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with-ered be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?

OLD ENGLISH

1. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be?
 2. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be?

Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the
 Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the

fair. He pro-mised to buy me a trin-ket to please me, And
 fair. He pro-mised to bring me a bas-ket of pos-ies, A

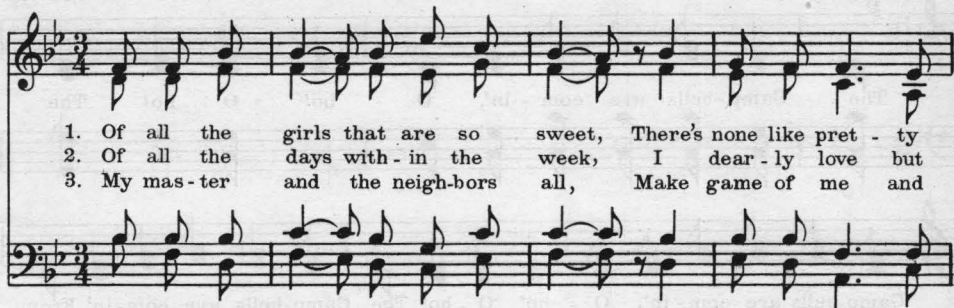
then for a smile, O he vowed he would tease me, He pro-mised to bring me a
 gar-land of lil-ies, A gift of red ros-es, A lit-tle strawhat to set

bunch of blue rib-bons To tie up my bon-nie brown hair.
 off the blue rib-bons That tie up my bon-nie brown hair.

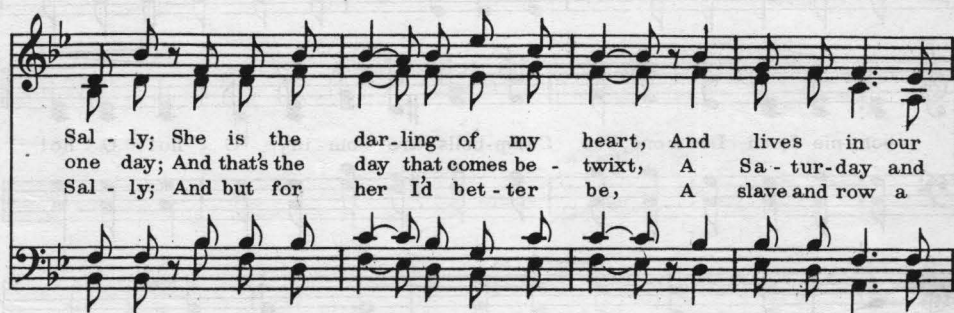
Sally In Our Alley

HENRY CAREY

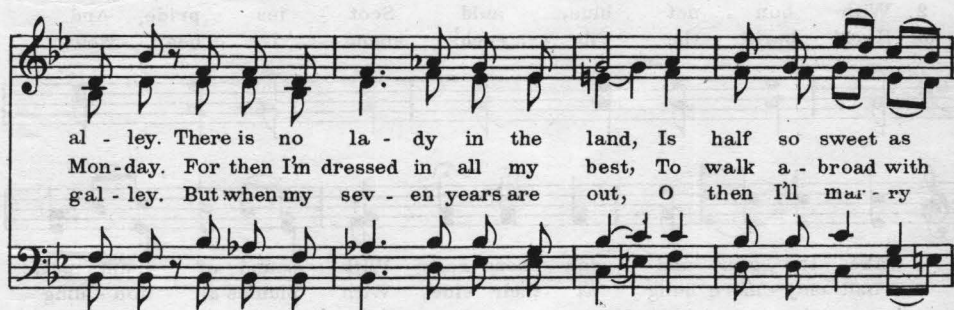
OLD ENGLISH MELODY
The Country Lass



1. Of all the girls that are so sweet, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but
3. My mas - ter and the neigh-bors all, Make game of me and



Sal - ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our
one day; And that's the day that comes be - twixt, A Sa - tur-day and
Sal - ly; And but for her I'd bet - ter be, A slave and row a



al - ley. There is no la - dy in the land, Is half so sweet as
Mon-day. For then I'm dressed in all my best, To walk a - broad with
gal - ley. But when my sev - en years are out, O then I'll mar - ry



Sal - ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart; And lives in our al - ley.
Sal - ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart; And lives in our al - ley.
Sal - ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart; And lives in our al - ley.

The Campbells Are Comin'

Moderately

SCOTCH AIR

p

The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho! O - ho! The

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho! O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' From

bon-nie Loch Lo-mond, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho! O - ho!

1. The great Ar - gyle he goes be - fore, He
2. With bon - net blue, auld Scot - ies pride, And
3. Hark! hark! the Pib - roch's sound I hear, Now

makes the guns and can - nons roar; With sound of trum - pet,
broad clay - more hung at their side, With plumes all nod - ding
bon - nie las - sie, din - na fear; 'Tis hon - or calls, I

pipe and drum, And ban - ners wav - ing in the sun.
in the wind, They have not left a man be - hind.
must a - way, Ar - gyle's the word and ours the day.

Robin Adair

43

CAROLINE KEPPEL

SCOTCH AIR

1. {What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;} Where's all the joy and mirth
 {What wasn't I wished to see, What wished to hear?}

2. {But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair;} Yet, him I loved so well,
 {But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair;}

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh I can neer for-get Ro - bin A - dair.

ROBERT BURNS

Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

With spirit

Air: "Hey tattle tattle"

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has
 2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a

af - ten led! Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to -
 cow - ard grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and

rie! Now's the day an now's the hour: See the front of
 flee! Wha for Scot - land's king and law, Free - dom's sword will

bat - tle lour: See ap - proach proud Ed - wards' pow'r; Chains and sla - ve - rie!
 strong - ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa'? Let him fol - low me!

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. And, here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

REFRAIN

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

Lively

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } Ev'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

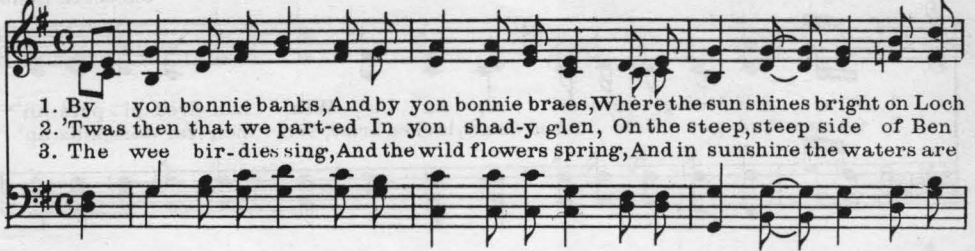
Nane, they say, hae I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the Rye.

Loch Lomond

45

UNKNOWN

OLD SCOTCH AIR

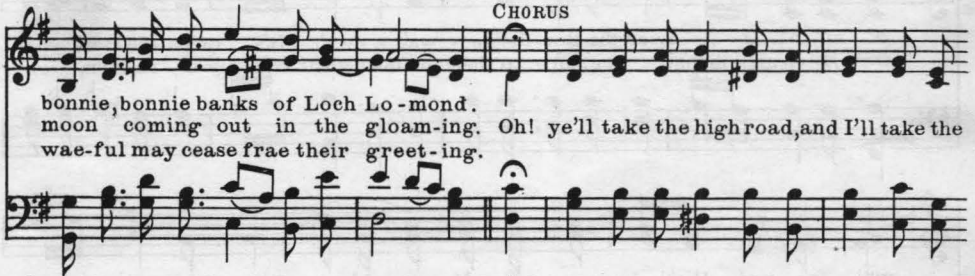


1. By yon bonnie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben
 3. The wee bir-dies sing, And the wild flowers spring, And in sunshine the waters are




Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
 Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the
 sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae second spring a - gain, Tho' the

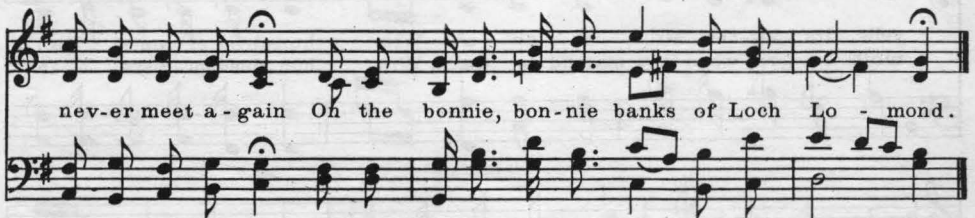
Brisker
CHORUS



bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
 moon coming out in the gloam-ing. Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the
 wae - ful may cease frae their greet-ing.

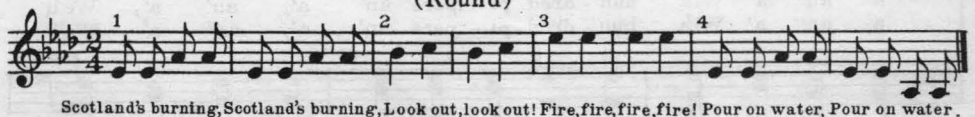


low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love we'll



nev - er meet a - gain Oh the bonnie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Scotland's Burning (Round)



Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

Wi' A Hundred Pipers an' A'

Lively

JACOBITE SONG

1. Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an'
 2. Oh our sod-ger lads looked braw, looked braw, Wi' their tar-tons, kilts, an'

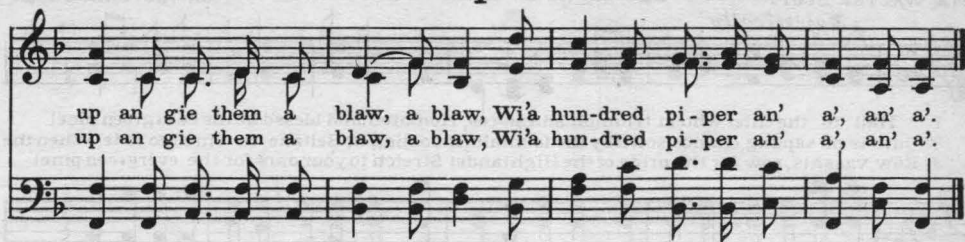
a', an' a', We'll up an gie them a blaw a blaw Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an'
 a', an' a', Wi' their bonnets and feathers an' glitter-ing gear. An pi-brochs sound-ing.

a' an' a', O it's ower the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor-der, a
 sweet an' clear. Will they a' re-turn to their ain dear glen? Will they a' re-turn, our

wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to Car-lisle Ha', With
 Hie-land men? Second sight-ed Sand-y look'd fu' wae, And

yells, its cas-tle an' a', an' a' Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an'
 moth-ers grat when they march'd a wa' Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an'

a' an' a' Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll
 a' an' a' Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll



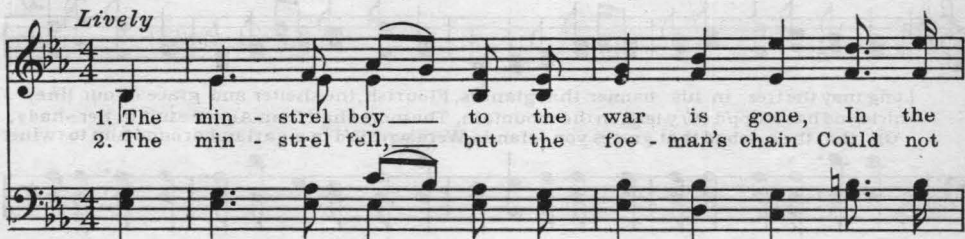
up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hun-dred pi-per an' a', an' a'.
up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hun-dred pi-per an' a', an' a'.

THOMAS MOORE

The Minstrel Boy

IRISH AIR

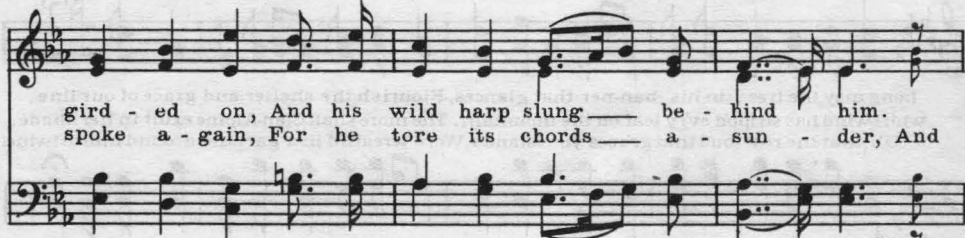
Lively



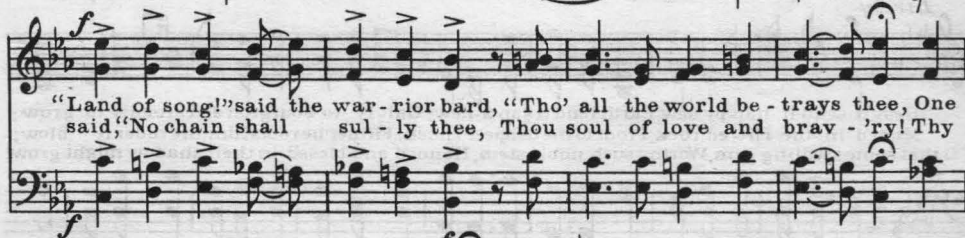
1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not



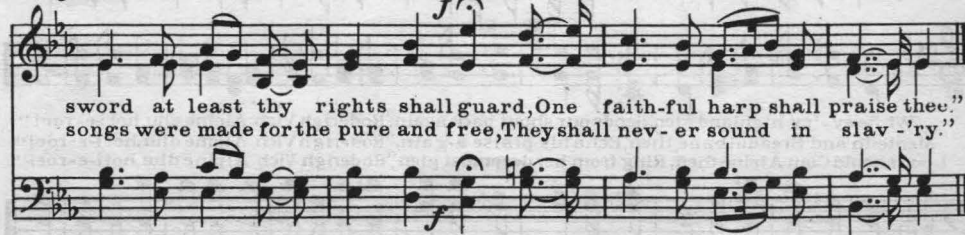
ranks of death— you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath
bring that proud— soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er



gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung— be - hind him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords— a - sun - der, And



"Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy



sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry."

Hail To The Chief



1. Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-ergreen pine!
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
3. Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!



Long may the tree in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!



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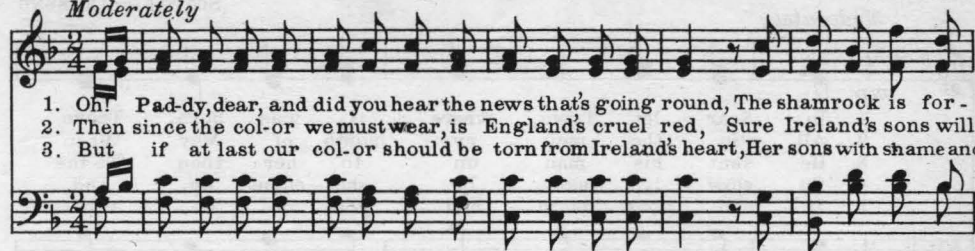


Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bourgeon and broadly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
O, that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Honord and bless'd in their shadow might grow!

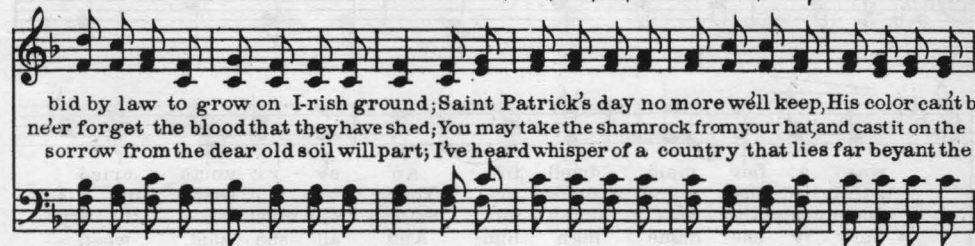


While ev-'ry highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise a-gain, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"

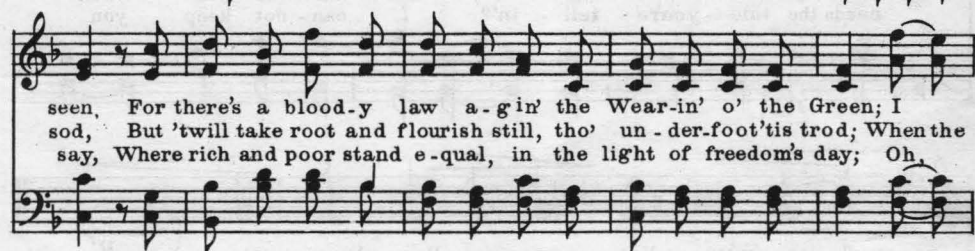


Moderately

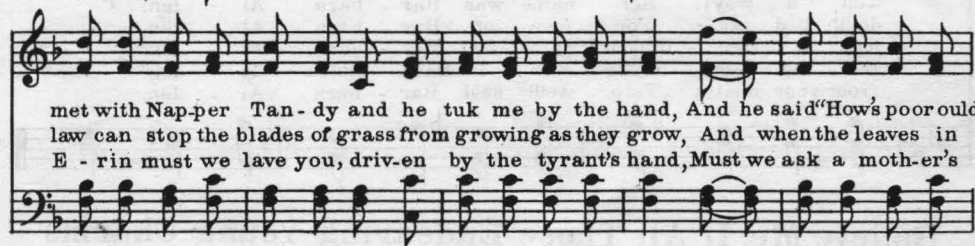
1. Oh! Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round, The shamrock is for -
2. Then since the col-or we must wear, is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will
3. But if at last our col-or should be torn from Ireland's heart, Her sons with shame and



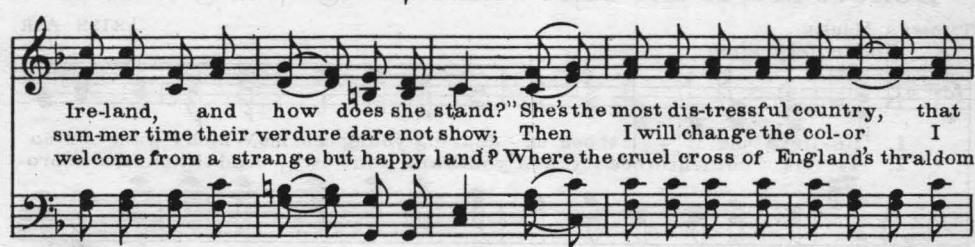
bid by law to grow on Irish ground; Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His color can't be
 ne'er forget the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the
 sorrow from the dear old soil will part; I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyond the



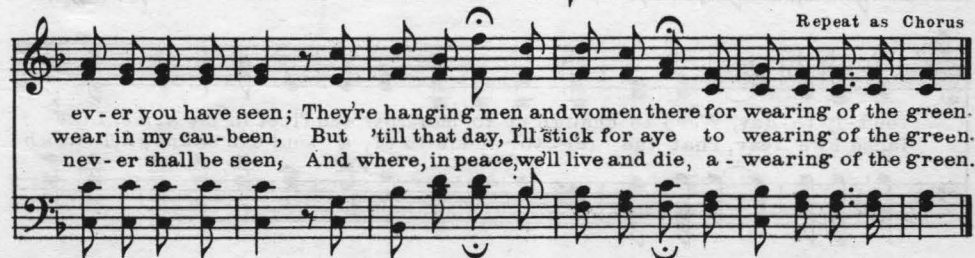
seen, For there's a bloody law a-gin' the Wear-in' o' the Green; I
 sod, But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' un-der-foot'tis trod; When the
 say, Where rich and poor stand e-qual, in the light of freedom's day; Oh,



met with Napper Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said "How's poorould
 law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in
 E-rin must we lave you, driv-en by the tyrant's hand, Must we ask a moth-er's



Ire-land, and how does she stand?" She's the most dis-tressful country, that
 sum-mer time their verdure dare not show; Then I will change the col-or I
 welcome from a strange but happy land? Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom



Repeat as Chorus

ev-er you have seen; They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.
 wear in my cau-been, But 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green.
 nev-er shall be seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die, a - wearing of the green.

Barbara Allen

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

Moderately

mp

1. In Scar - let Town, where I was born, There
 2. All in the mer - ry month of May When
 3. He sent his man un - to her then To the
 4. "So slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And
 5. If on your death bed you do lie, What

mf

was a fair maid dwell - in' An' ev - 'ry youth cried
 green buds they were swell - in' Young Jem - mie Grove on his
 town where she was dwell - in' Saying "You must come to my
 slow - ly she came nigh him; And all she said when
 needs the tale you're tell - in'? I can - not keep you

p

well a - way; Her name was Bar - bara Al - len.
 death bed lay For love of Bar - bara Al - len.
 mas - ter If your name be Bar - bara Al - len?"
 there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing!"
 from your death; Fare - well!" said Bar - bara Al - len.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR

Moderately slow

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro -

fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like
 fanned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved
moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er
ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

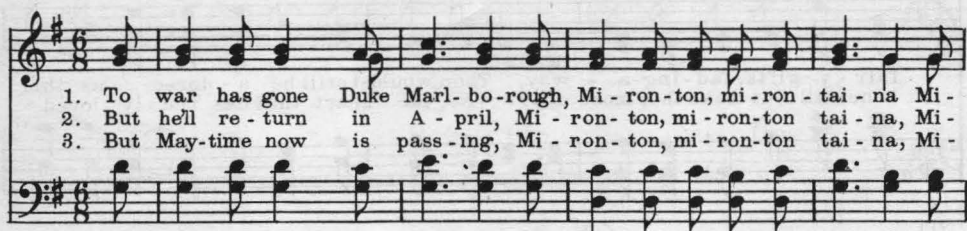
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

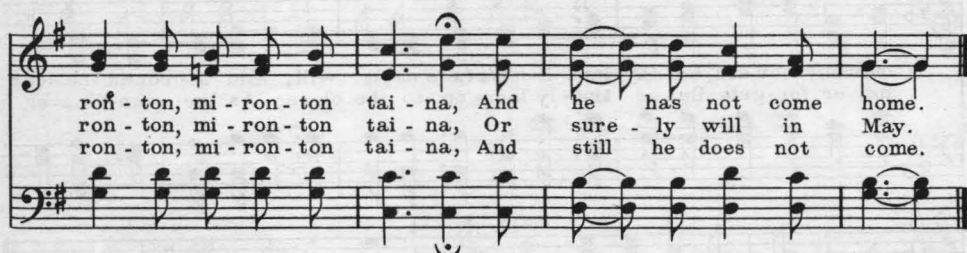
SIR JOHN STEVENSON

1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells; The chord a - lone that
Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes; The
glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throbs she gives Is when some heart, in - dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

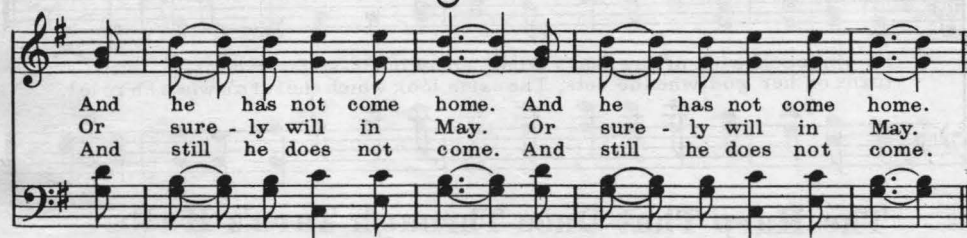
To War Has Gone Duke Marlborough



1. To war has gone Duke Marl-bo-rough, Mi-ron-ton, mi-ron-tai-na Mi-
 2. But he'll re-turn in A-pril, Mi-ron-ton, mi-ron-ton tai-na, Mi-
 3. But May-time now is pass-ing, Mi-ron-ton, mi-ron-ton tai-na, Mi-



ron-ton, mi-ron-ton tai-na, And he has not come home.
 ron-ton, mi-ron-ton tai-na, Or sure-ly will in May.
 ron-ton, mi-ron-ton tai-na, And still he does not come.

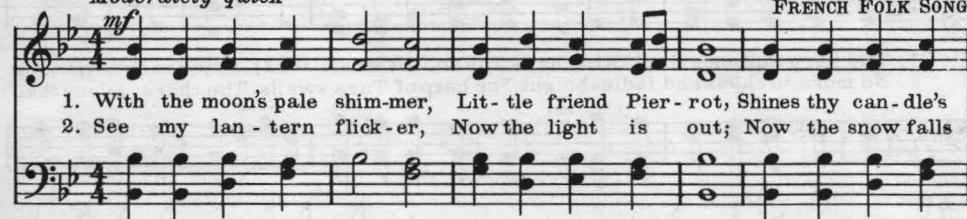


And he has not come home. And he has not come home.
 Or sure-ly will in May. Or sure-ly will in May.
 And still he does not come. And still he does not come.

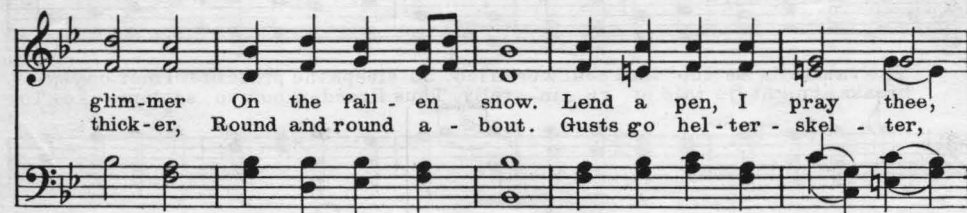
At Pierrot's Door

Moderately quick

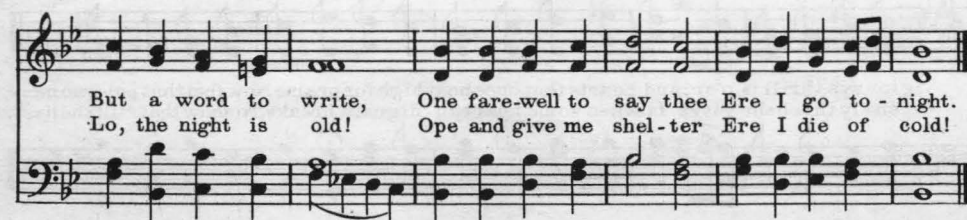
FRENCH FOLK SONG



1. With the moon's pale shim-mer, Lit-tle friend Pier-rot, Shines thy can-dle's
 2. See my lan-tern flick-er, Now the light is out; Now the snow falls



glim-mer On the fall-en snow. Lend a pen, I pray thee,
 thick-er, Round and round a-bout. Gusts go hel-ter-skel-ter,



But a word to write, One fare-well to say thee Ere I go to-night.
 Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

Come, Good Wind

53

Translation by A.S.F.O.

FRENCH COLONIAL
Tune: "Vla l'bon vent"*Slowly*

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Come, good wind, come fair wind, Come, good wind, for my"

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "love is call - ing; Come, good wind, come fair wind,"

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Come, good wind, for my love is wait-ing; She is wait-ing at the land-ing,"

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Grace-ful as the pine-tree standing, Sing-ing as we swift-ly row."

CHORUS

First line of the chorus. Treble and bass staves. The melody begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Come, good wind, come, fair wind, Come, good wind, for my love is call-ing;"

Second line of the chorus. Treble and bass staves. The melody begins with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Come, good wind, come, fair wind, Come, good wind, for my love has come."

Alouette

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONG

1. A - lou-et - te, gen-tile A-lou-et - te, A - lou-et - te, Je te plu-me-rai. *Fine*
 2. A - lou-et - te, gen-tile A-lou-et - te, A - lou-et - te, Je te plu-me-rai.

Je te plu-me-rai la tete, Je te plu-me-rai la tete Et la tete, *D.C.*
 Je te plu-me-rai la bec, Je te plu-me-rai la bec, { Et la bec, Oh!
 { Et la tete,

3. Le nez.

5. Les pattes.

4. Le dos.

6. Le cou.

Et la tete
 { Et la bec
 { Et la tete

In the measure before the Oh! and the D.C. where the women's voices are echoed by the men's, a word is added as each verse is sung and the words of preceding verses are sung in reverse order. Thus, in the last verse the duet between men and women would run as follows:

Et le cou, et le cou; et les pattes, et les pattes; et le dos, et le dos; et le nez, et le nez; et la bec, et la bec; et la tete, et la tete; Oh! and then back to the beginning to the Fine.

Voyageur's Song

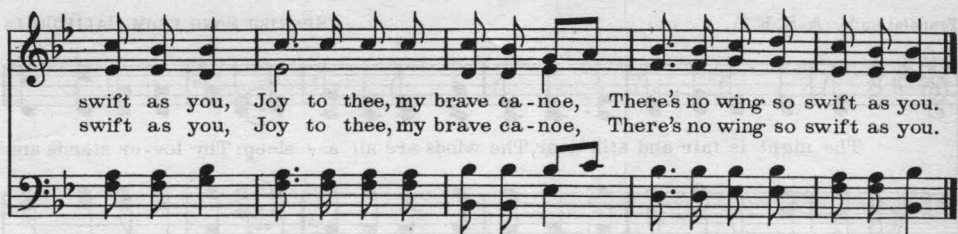
FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG

Moderately mf

1. Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so swift as you; Right and left the
 2. Gent - ly, now, my brave ca - noe, Keep your foot-ing sure and true, For the rap - id

bub-les rise, Right and left the pine-wood flies; Birds and clouds and tide and wind,
 close be-neath, Leaps and shouts his song of death; Now one plunge and all is done;

We shall leave ye all be-hind. Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so
 Now one plunge, the goal is won. Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so



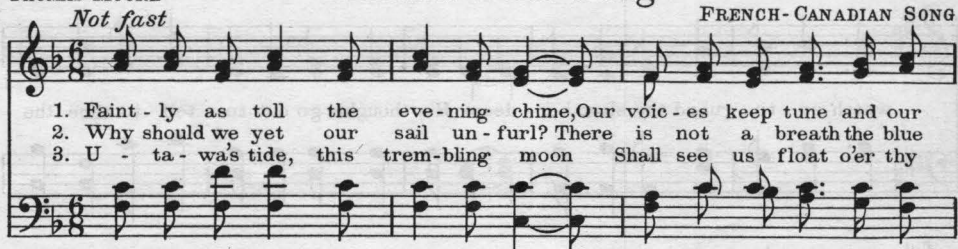
swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.
 swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.

THOMAS MOORE

Canadian Boat Song

FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG

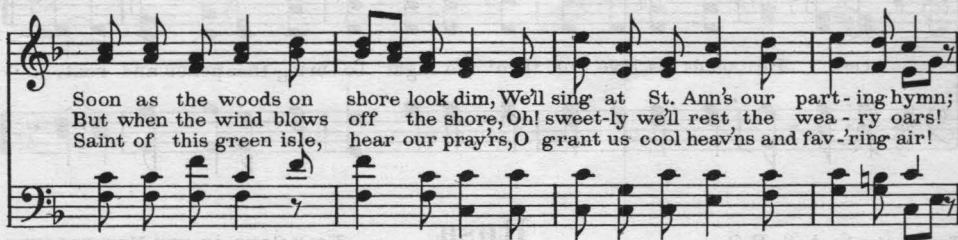
Not fast



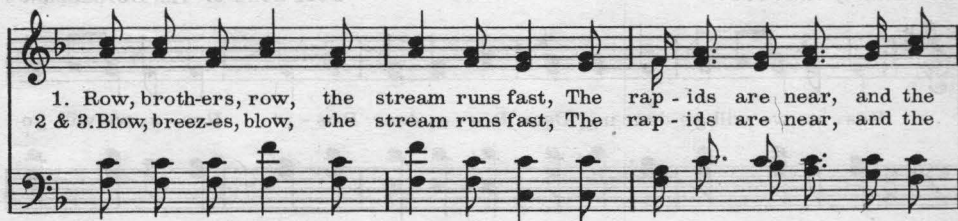
1. Faint-ly as toll the eve-ning chime, Our voic-es keep tune and our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue
 3. U-ta-wa's tide, this trem-bling moon Shall see us float o'er thy



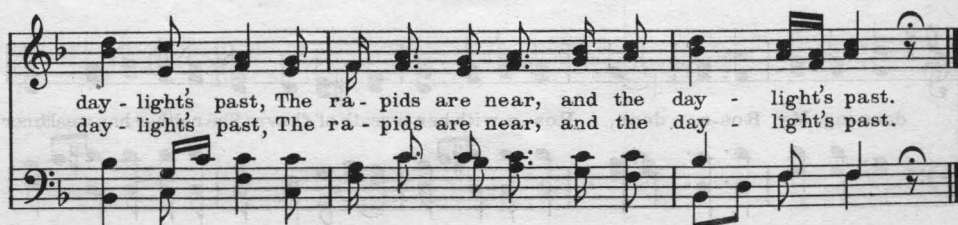
oars keep time, Our voic-es keep tune, and our oars keep time;
 waves to curl, There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 sur-ges soon, Shall see us float o'er the sur-ges soon;



Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn;
 But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweet-ly we'll rest the wea-ry oars!
 Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, O grant us cool heav'n's and fav'-ring air!



1. Row, broth-ers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the
 2 & 3. Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the



day-light's past, The ra-pids are near, and the day-light's past.
 day-light's past, The ra-pids are near, and the day-light's past.

Serene Is The Night

Translation by A. S. F. O.

SPANISH SONG FROM CALIFORNIA

The night is fair and still dear, The winds are all a - sleep: Thy lov-er stands and

watch-es to guard thy slum-ber deep: His thoughts go out to tell to thee the

love that's in his breast. He sends his love out thro' the night To bring thee peace and

rest. *rit.* He sends his love out thro' the night To bring thee peace and rest.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final two lines, with the word 'rit.' (ritardando) written above the vocal line for the final measure.

Translation by A. S. F. O.

Rosa

FOLK SONG OF THE NETHERLANDS

Ros - a, we will go danc-ing, Dear Ros - a, dear Ros - a! Ros - a, we will go

danc-ing, My Ros-a dear, Ros-a, with her wreath of flow'rs, She neither has wealth nor

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a folk song. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

has she dows But how she dan - ces Ros - a, we'll go danc-ing, Dear
 Ros - a, dear Ros - a! Ros - a we'll go danc-ing, My Ros - a, dear.

This block contains the musical score for the song 'Rosa'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

FOLK SONG
 OF THE NETHERLANDS
 Arr. by JOHANNES BRAHMS

TRANSLATION

The Little Dustman

Moderately quick

1. The flow'rets all sleep sound - ly Beneath the moon's bright ray, They nod their heads to -
 2. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the window shows his head And looks for an - y
 geth - er And dream the night away. The rust'ling trees wave to and fro, And murmur soft and
 chil - dren Who ought to be in bed; And as each weary one hespires, Throws dust into his
 low. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit - tle one.
 eyes. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit - tle one.

This block contains the musical score for 'The Little Dustman'. It is a piano piece in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The score includes two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line with two verses of lyrics. The second system is a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Prayer Of Thanksgiving

English version by Dr. TH. BAKER

Ancient Folk-song of the Netherlands

We gath-er to- geth- er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chastens and
Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main -

hast - ens His will to make known; The wicked op - press - ing cease them from dis -
tain - ing His King - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were

tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own. We
win - ning, Thou Lord, wast at our side, the glo - ry be Thine.

all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Leader in bat - tle, And pray that Thou still our De -

fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape tri - bu - la - tion; Thy

name be ev - er praised, O Lord, make us free! Lord, make us free!

My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free

59

F.H. *Moderately*

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

mf

My days have been so won - drous free, The lit - tle birds that

fly With care - less ease from tree to tree Were but as

blest as I, Were but as blest as I. *mp* Ask

glid - ing wa - ters if a tear Of mine in - creased their

cresc. stream, And ask the breath - ing gales if e'er I lent a

sigh to them. I lent a sigh to them.

Beneath A Weeping Willow's Shade

F. H.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

p

1. Be - neath a weep - ing wil - low's shade She sat and sang a -
 2. Fond E - cho to her strains re - plied, The winds her sor - rows

lone, Be - neath a weep - ing wil - low's shade She sat and sang a -
 bore, Fond E - cho to her strains re - plied, The winds her sor - rows

mp

lone. Her hand up - on her heart she laid And plaintive was her moan, And
 bore. "A - dieu, dear youth, a - dieu!" she cried, "I ne'er shall see thee more, I

rit. *mf*

plain-tive was her moan. The mock-bird sat up - on a bough, The
 ne'er shall see thee more."

mock-bird sat up - on a bough And lis - tened to her lay, Then

to the dis - tant hills he bore The dul - cet notes a - way, (a-way) Then

to the dis - tant hills he bore the dul - cet notes a - way. The

dul - cet tones a - way, the dul - cet tones a way. *rit.*

Enraptured I Gaze

F.H. *Moderately*

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

1. En - rap - tured I gaze, when my De - lia, is
 2. I hear her sweet voice and am charmed with her
 3. Be - yond all ex - pres - sion my De - lia I

by And drink the sweet poi - son of love from her
 song, I think I could hear her sweet voice all day
 love, My heart is so fix'd that it nev - er can

eye; I feel the soft pas - sion per - vade ev - 'ry part,
 long; My sen - ses en - chant - ed are lost in de - light
 rove; When I see her I think 'tis an ang - el I see,

And plea - sures un - u - sual play round my fond heart.
 When love and soft mus - ic their rap - ture u - nite.
 And the charms of her mind are a heav'n to me.

The Way-Worn Traveller

DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD

Moderately
mp

1. Faint and wea-ri-ly the way-worn tra-vel-ler plods un-hur-ried-ly a-Wan-d'ring dream-i-ly and sad un-ra-vel-ler of the mazes to-ward the

fraid to stop. moun-tain's top. Doubt-ing, fear-ing while his course he's steer-ing

Cot-tag-es ap-pear-ing as he's nigh to drop. Oh, how brisk-ly then the

way-worn tra-vel-ler threads the ma-zes t'ward the moun-tain's top.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

America

HENRY CAREY(?)
Dr. JOHN BULL(?)*With a moderately quick motion*
mf

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my

2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy

3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mor-tal

4. Our fa-ther's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims pride! From ev-'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!

rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.

tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.

land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Yankee Doodle

63

DR. SHACKBURG

UNKNOWN

Spirited



1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with cap-tain Good'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thous-and men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wasted
3. And there was Captain Washington, Up-on a slapping stall-ion, A - giv-ing or-ders



CHORUS



men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud-din'.
 ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed. Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-
 to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.



kee Doo-dle dan-dy, Mind the mus-ic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.



Chester

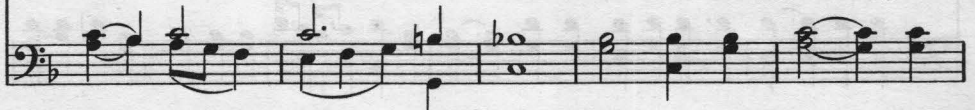
WILLIAM BILLINGS



1. Let ty-rants shake their i-ron rod And slav-'ry
2. What grateful off-'ring shall we bring, What shall we



clank her gal-ling chains, We'll fear them not; we
 ren-der to the Lord? Loud Hal-le-lu-jahs



trust in God, New Eng-land's God for-ev-er reigns.
 let us sing, And praise His name on ev-'ry chord.



Hail, Columbia!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

Attributed to PHILIP PHILE

Majestically

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
 2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore, Let no rude foe with
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ington's great name Ring thro' the world with
 4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with impious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of
 loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let ev'ry clime to free-dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in virtue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
 to'll and blood the well earn'd prize. While offering peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a
 Lis - ten with a joy-ful ear. With e-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He governs in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When gloom obscur'd Co-

CHORUS

what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 manly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail. Firm, united,
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The happier times of honest peace.
 lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolv'd on death or liber-ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liber-ty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety
 we shall find

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

With spirit

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 silence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it
 war's de-so-la-tion! Blest with vic-try and peace, may the heavn-rescued land Praise the

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our

CHORUS

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled

Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 Banner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

THOMAS A' BECKET

Majestically

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion, A world of-fers homage to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's founda-tion, Co-lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make heroes as-semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
 May thy service, u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true

Thy banners make tyran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 The army and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 With her flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 The ar-m-y and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Haul On The Bowlin'

67

CHANTEY

SOLO ad lib.

1. The fore and main-top bow - lin'!
 2. Our bul - ly ship's a - roll - in'!
 3. Our skip - per he's a - growl - in'!
 4. To Lon - don we are go - in'!

Haul on the bow - lin',

CHORUS

Haul! Haul!

Haul on the bow - lin', the bow - lin' haul! Haul on the bow - lin', the

Haul! Haul! Haul! Haul!

bow - lin' haul Haul on the bow - lin' The bow - lin' haul.

Haul! Haul!

Reuben Ranzo

CHANTEY

SOLO ad lib.

CHORUS

SOLO ad lib.

1. Hur-rah for Reu-ben Ran - zo, Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo, Hur -
 2. Ran - zo was no sail - or Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo, He
 3. Ran - zo joined the "Beau - ty," Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo, And
 4. The skip - per was a dan - dy, Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo, And

CHORUS

rah for Reu - ben Ran - zo,
 shipp'd a - board a whal - er,
 did - n't know his du - ty,
 was too fond of bran - dy;

Ran - zo, boys, yes Ran - zo.

5. SOLO. He called Ranzo a lubber,
 CHO. Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
 SOLO. And made him eat whale blubber,
 CHO. Ranzo, boys, yes, Ranzo.

6. SOLO. Ranzo now is skipper,
 CHO. Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
 SOLO. Of an old China Clipper,
 CHO. Ranzo, boys, yes, Ranzo.

The Wide Missouri

CHORUS

CHANTEY

SOLO ad lib.

1. Oh, Shen-an - doah, I love your daugh-ter, A - way my roll-ing
2. Oh, Shen-an - doah, she took my fan - cy, A - way my roll-ing

SOLO ad lib.

CHORUS

riv-er! Shen-an-doah, I love your daughter, Ah! Ah! we're bound a - way 'Cross the
riv-er! Clip-per built, her name is Nan - cy, Ah! Ah! we're bound a - way 'Cross the

wide Mis - sou - ri. A - way, my roll-ing riv-er! Shen-an-doah, I love your
wide Mis - sou - ri. A - way, my roll-ing riv-er! Clip-per built, her name is

daugh - ter, Ah! Ah! we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.
Nan - cy, Ah! Ah! we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.

3. SOLO Oh, Shenandoah, I love her dearly,

CHO. Away, my rolling river!

SOLO I am hers, or very nearly.

CHO. Ah! Ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.*(Repeat last four lines)*

4. SOLO Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,

CHO. Away my rolling river!

SOLO I'll take her 'cross rolling water.

CHO. Ah! Ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.*(Repeat last four lines)*

The Dead Horse

69

CHANTEY

SOLO ad lib. CHORUS SOLO ad lib.

1. They say "my horse is dead and gone," And they say so, and they
2. For man - y days I rode him hard And they say so, and they

CHORUS

hope so! They say "my horse is dead and gone," Oh, poor old man!
hope so! For man - y days I rode him hard; Oh, poor old man!

3. SOLO If he lives, I'll ride him again,
CHO. And they say so, and they hope so!
SOLO If he lives, I'll ride him again,
CHO. Oh, poor old man!

4. SOLO But if he's dead, I'll bury him low,
CHO. And they say so, and they hope so!
SOLO But if he's dead, I'll bury him low,
CHO. Oh, poor old man.

Blow The Man Down

CHANTEY

SOLO ad lib.

1. I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,
2. There was an old skip - per, I don't know his name,
3. His ship lay be - calmed in the trop - i - cal seas,

CHORUS SOLO ad lib.

'Way! Hey! Blow the man down! And trust that you'll join in the
'Way! Hey! Blow the man down! Al - though he once played a re -
'Way! Hey! Blow the man down! He whis - tled all day, but in

CHORUS

cho - rus with me; Give me some time to blow the man down.
mark - a - ble game, Give me some time to blow the man down.
vain, for a breeze, Give me some time to blow the man down.

4. SOLO A seal heard his whistle and loudly did call,
CHO. 'Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
SOLO "Roll up your white canvas, jib, spanker, and all"
CHO. Give me some time to blow the man down.

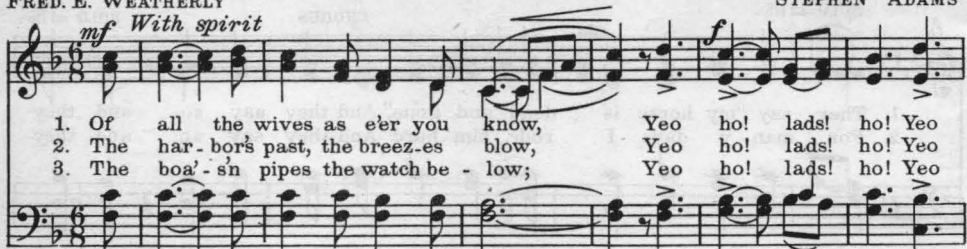
5. SOLO Then the breeze it blew gaily, a terrible gale,
CHO. 'Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
SOLO And the ship flew along with nary a sail,
CHO. Give me some time to blow the man down.

Nancy Lee

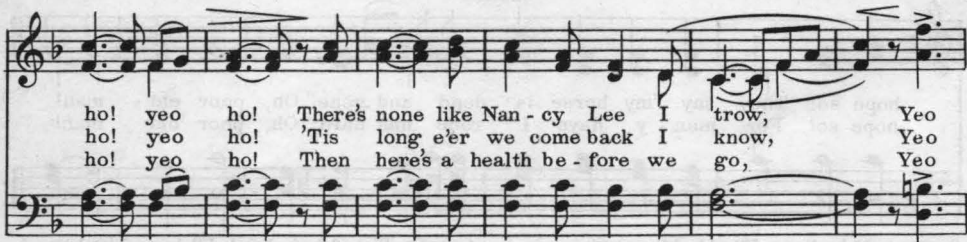
FRED. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

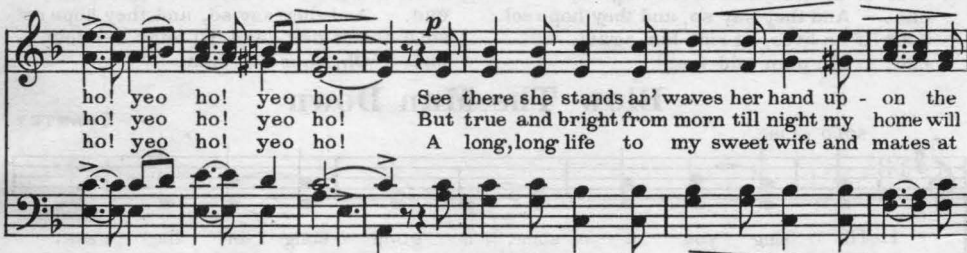
mf With spirit



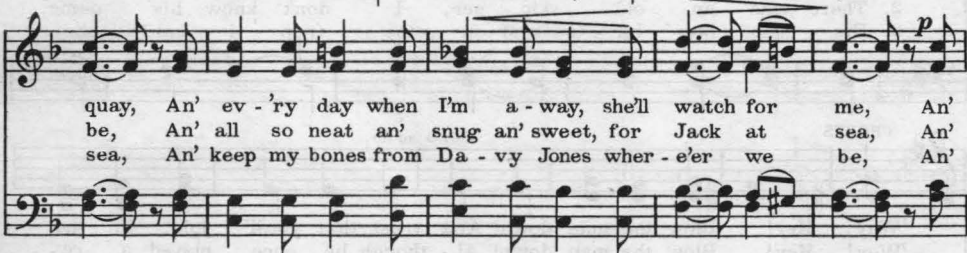
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo
 2. The har-bor's past, the breez-es blow, Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo
 3. The boar'-sn pipes the watch be-low; Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo



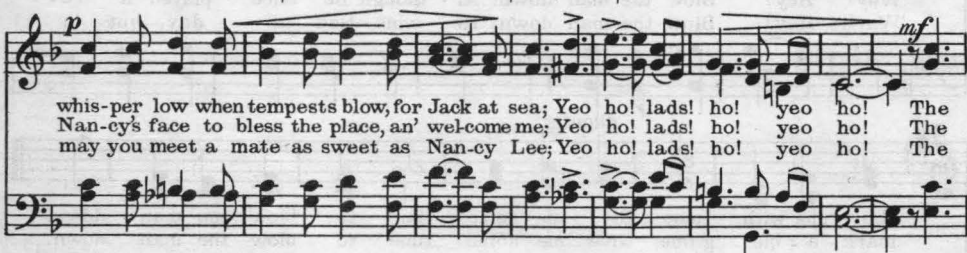
ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee I trow, Yeo
 ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I know, Yeo
 ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go, Yeo



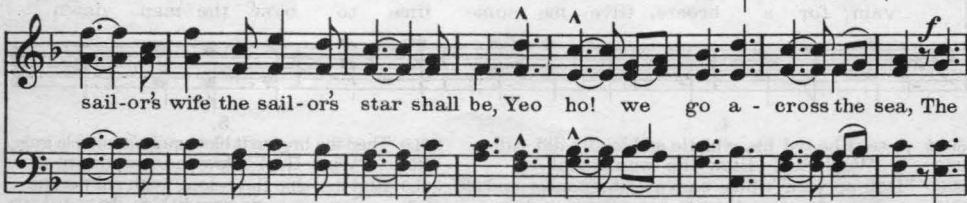
ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! See there she stands an' waves her hand up-on the
 ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! But true and bright from morn till night my home will
 ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at



quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for me, An'
 be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An'
 sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher-e'er we be, An'



whis-per low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The
 Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel-come me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The
 may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan-cy Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The



sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a-cross the sea, The

poco rit. e cresc. ff

sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

EMMA WILLARD

JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,

Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tempest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY R. BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
 3. An ex-ile from home splen-dor daz-zles in vain; Oh,

ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the
 feel that my moth-er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that
 give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing

skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the
 moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose
 gai-ly, that came at my call, Give me them, and that

D. S. There's no place like *D. S.*
 world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 peace of mind dear-er than all.
 home, Oh there's no place like home.

Juanita

Mrs. CAROLINE NORTON

SPANISH AIR

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, lin-gr'ing falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
 2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine absent lover sigh?

Juanita - Concluded

73

Wear-y looks, yet tender, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

The Dearest Spot.

W. T. W.

W. T. WRIGHTON

1. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with

D.C. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've

Fine.
long'd to see Is home, sweet home; There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lover's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

long'd to see Is home, sweet home.

D.C.
so en-dear-ing; All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u - ni - ted; All the world be-sides I've slighted For home, sweet home.

The Old Oaken Bucket

E. KAILLMARK



1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-collections
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev'-ry loved
2. { That moss covered buck-et I hailed as a treasure, For oft-en at
I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and
3. { How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full blushing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the



CHORUS: The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered
Fine.



lec-tion pre-sents them to view! } The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew: }
noon, when re-turn'd from the field, } How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
sweet-est that na-ture can yield. }
curb, it in-clined to my lips! } And now, far re-moved from the loved ha-bi-
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. }



buck-et that hung in the well.



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my
glowing, And quick to the white pebbled bot-tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-trus-ively swell, As fan-cy re-



D.C. for Chorus

fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
emblem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.



The Spring

(Round)

Dr. HAYES



The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush. Hark! hark!



I hear them sing. The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the black bird and the thrush

Ben Bolt

75

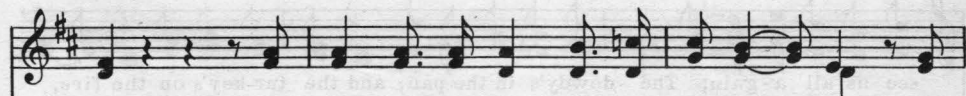
THOMAS DUNNE ENGLISH

Moderately

NELSON KNEASS



1. Oh don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the end of the



brown,
hill, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
To- geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade And



trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church yard, in the
lis-tend to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill wheel has fal-len to



val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone They have
pie-ces, Ben Bolt, The raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a

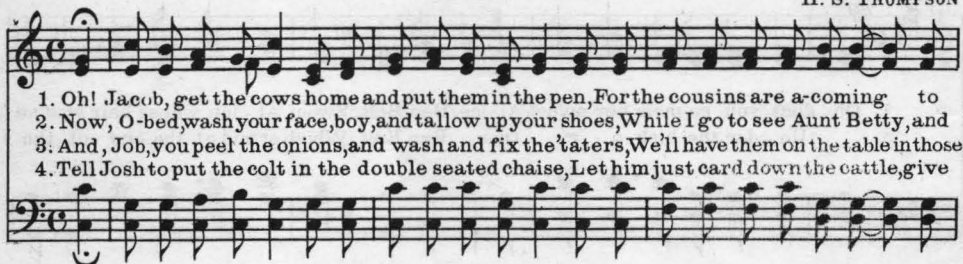


fitted a slab of the gran-ite so gray And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone.
qui-et that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en din.

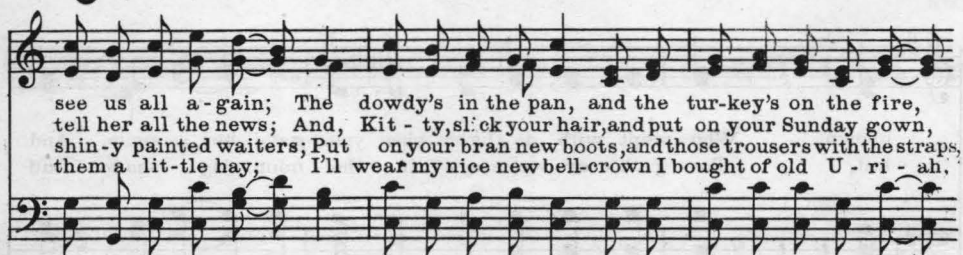


Cousin Jedediah

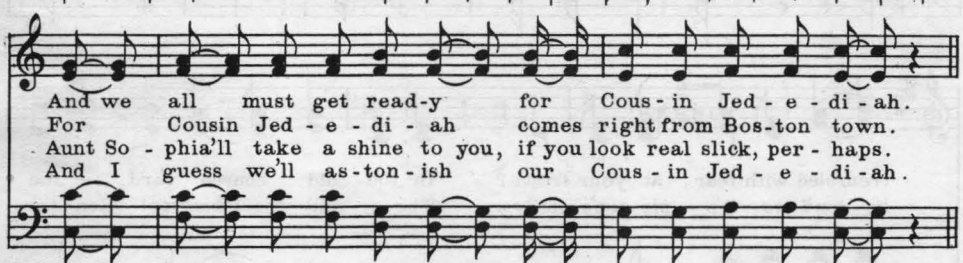
H. S. THOMPSON



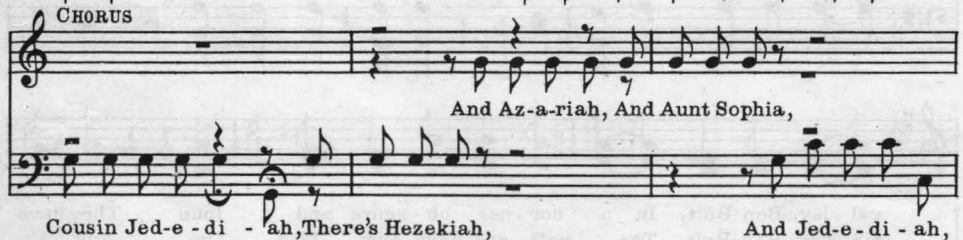
1. Oh! Jacob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the cousins are a-coming to
 2. Now, O-bed, wash your face, boy, and tallow up your shoes, While I go to see Aunt Betty, and
 3. And, Job, you peel the onions, and wash and fix the 'taters, We'll have them on the table in those
 4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the double seated chaise, Let him just card down the cattle, give



see us all a-gain; The dowdy's in the pan, and the tur-key's on the fire,
 tell her all the news; And, Kit - ty, slick your hair, and put on your Sunday gown,
 shin-y painted waiters; Put on your bran new boots, and those trousers with the straps,
 them a lit-tle hay; I'll wear my nice new bell-crown I bought of old U - ri - ah,

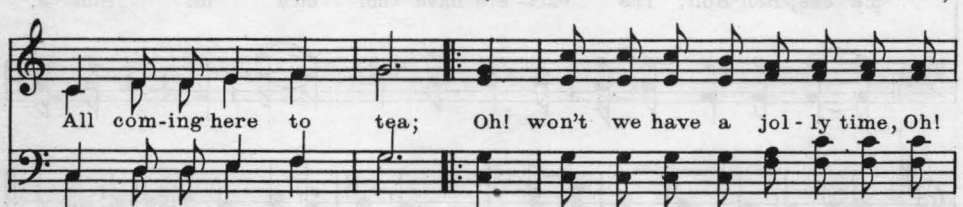


And we all must get read-y for Cous-in Jed - e - di - ah.
 For Cousin Jed - e - di - ah comes right from Bos-ton town.
 Aunt So - phia'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per - haps.
 And I guess we'll as-ton-ish our Cous-in Jed - e - di - ah.

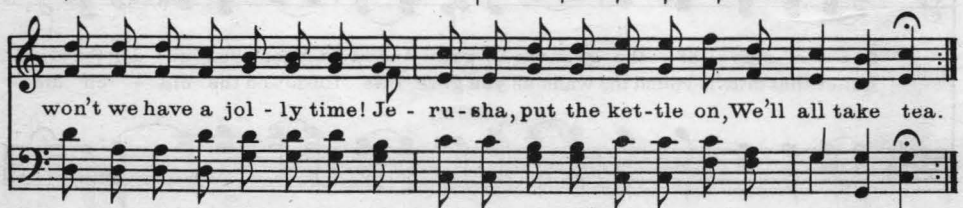


CHORUS

And Az-a-riah, And Aunt Sophia,
 Cousin Jed-e-di - ah, There's Hezekiah, And Jed-e-di - ah,

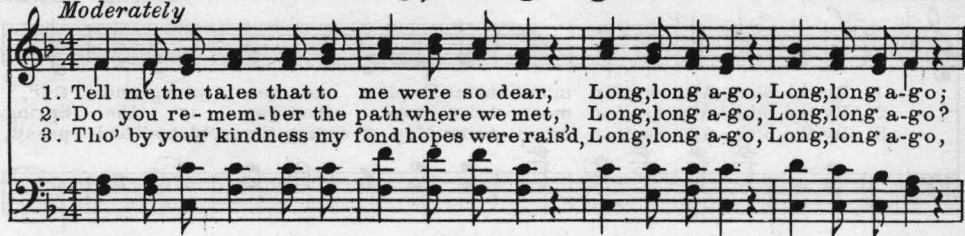


All com-ing here to tea; Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh!

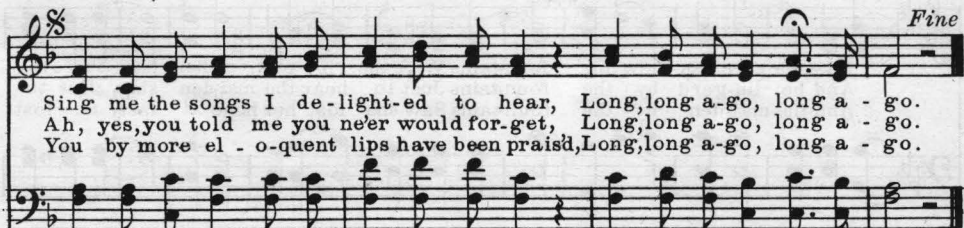


won't we have a jol-ly time! Je - ru-sha, put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.

Long, Long Ago

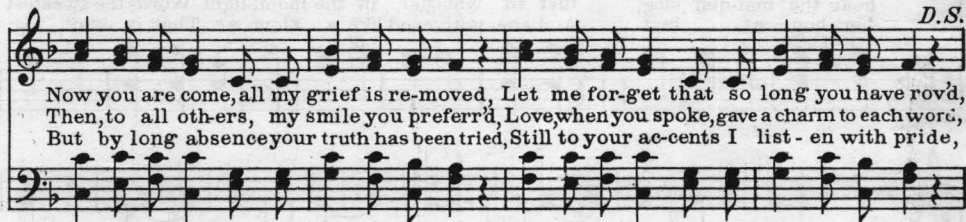
Moderately


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?
 3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go,

Fine


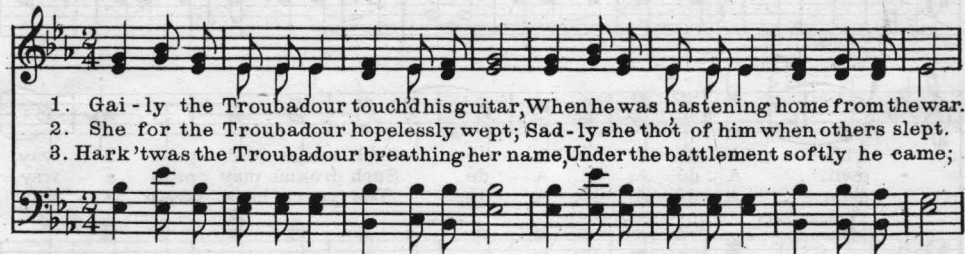
Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a-go, long a - go.

D.S. Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Blest as I was when I sat 'by your side, Long, long a-go, long a - go.


D.S.


Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have rovd,
 Then, to all others, my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I list - en with pride,

Gaily The Troubadour



1. Gai-ly the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was hastening home from the war.
 2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept; Sad-ly she tho't of him when others slept.
 3. Hark 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name, Under the battlement softly he came;



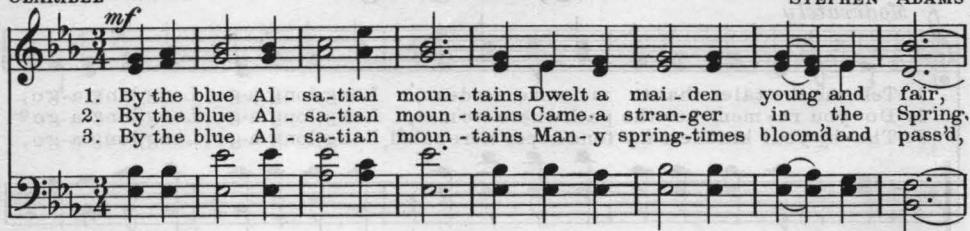
Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"
 Singing: "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home!"
 Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

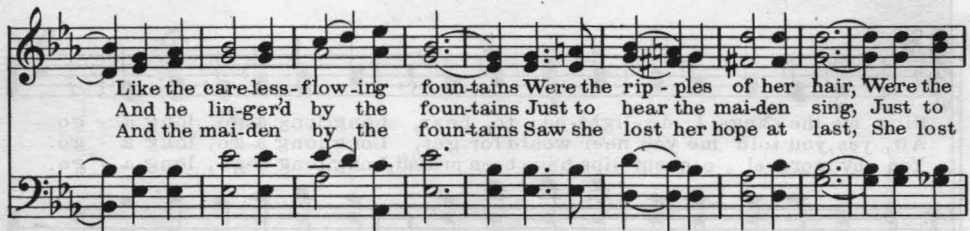
CLARIBEL

STEPHEN ADAMS

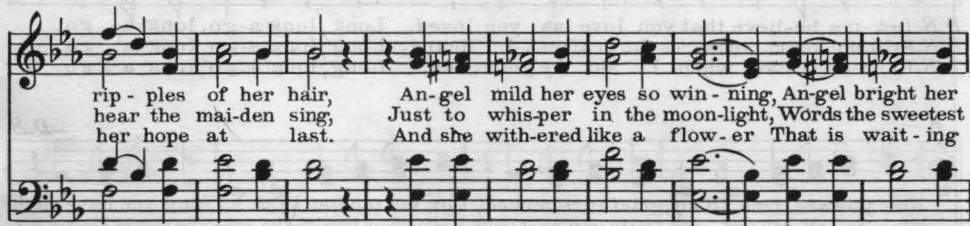
mf



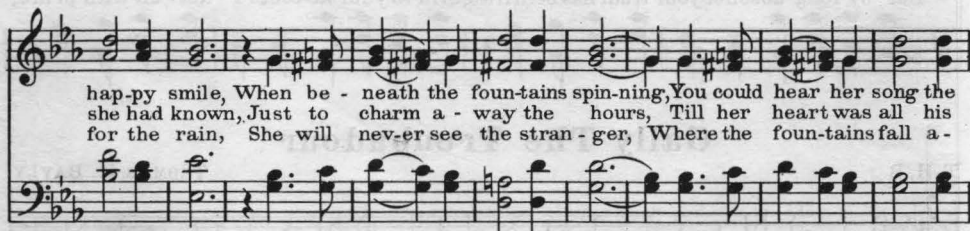
1. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun - tains Dwelt a mai - den young and fair,
 2. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun - tains Came a stran-ger in the Spring,
 3. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun - tains Man - y spring-times bloom'd and pass'd,



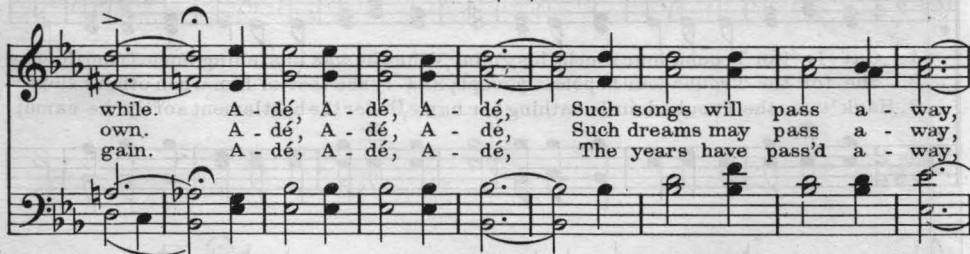
Like the careless-flow-ing foun-tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the
 And he lin-ger'd by the foun-tains Just to hear the maiden sing, Just to
 And the mai-den by the foun-tains Saw she lost her hope at last, She lost



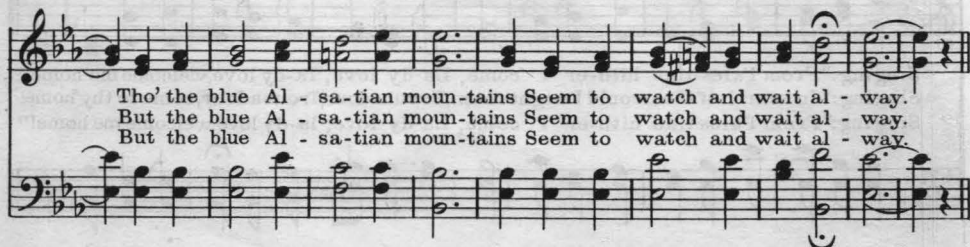
rip - ples of her hair, An-ge! mild her eyes so win - ning, An-ge! bright her
 hear the mai-den sing, Just to whis-per in the moon-light, Words the sweetest
 her hope at last. And she with-ered like a flow-er That is wait-ing



hap-py smile, When be - neath the foun-tains spin-nig, You could hear her song the
 she had known, Just to charm a - way the hours, Till her heart was all his
 for the rain, She will nev-er see the stran-ger, Where the foun-tains fall a -



while. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will pass a - way,
 own. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such dreams may pass a - way,
 gain. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, The years have pass'd a - way,



Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
 But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
 But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

The Blue Alsatian Mountains—Continued

79

CHORUS

A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the
blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

Wait For The Wagon

R. B. B.

R. B. BUCKLEY

1. Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, To yon blue mountain free? Where the
2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I
blos - soms smell the sweet - est, Come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun - day morn - ing,
have a cab - in, Phil - lis, And some - thing good to eat. Come lis - ten to my sto - ry,
When I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag - on, And all take a ride.
It will re - lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag - on, And off we will start.
Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the wagon, And we'll all take a ride.

Wildwood Flowers

L.M.

LOWELL MASON

Lively

1. Flow-ers, wild-wood flow - ers in a shel-tered dell they grew,
 2. Flow-ers, love-ly flow - ers in a gar-den we may see,

grew; I hur-ried a-long and I chanced to spy This small star flow'r with its
 see; The rose is there with her ru - by lip, And pinks the hon-ey bee

sil - v'ry eye. Then this blue dai - sy peeped up its head;
 loves to sip. Tu - lips gay as but - ter - fly's wing;

Sweet - ly this pur - ple or - chid spread, I gath-ered them all for
 Mar-i - golds rich as the crown of a king, But none so fair to

you, I gath-ered them all for you, All these wild-wood flow-ers,
 me, but none so fair to me As these wild-wood flow-ers,

Sweet wild-wood flow'rs; All these wild-wood flow-ers, sweet wild-wood flow'rs.
 Sweet wild-wood flow'rs; As these wild-wood flow-ers, sweet wild-wood flow'rs.

In The Starlight

81

CARPENTER

WILLIAM H. GLOVER

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in C major, 4/4 time. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A4 and B4, and continues with a series of chords and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In the star-light, in the star-light let us wan-der gay and free,

The second system continues the melody with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For there's nothing in the day-light half so dear to you and me; Like the

The third system continues the melody with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

fair-ies in the sha-dow of the woods we'll steal a - long; And our

The fourth system continues the melody with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a key signature change to three sharps (F#, C#, and G#) at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the treble staff.

sweet-est lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song When

The fifth system continues the melody with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a key signature change to four sharps (F#, C#, G#, and D#) at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

none are by to lis-ten, or to chide us for our glee. In the

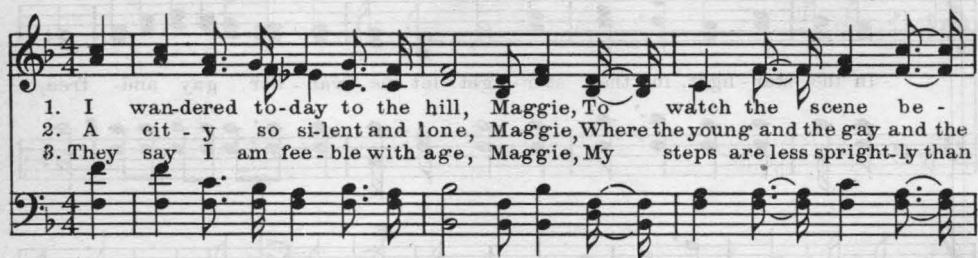
The sixth system concludes the song with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a key signature change to five sharps (F#, C#, G#, D#, and A#) at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

star-light, — in the star-light, let us wan-der gay and free.

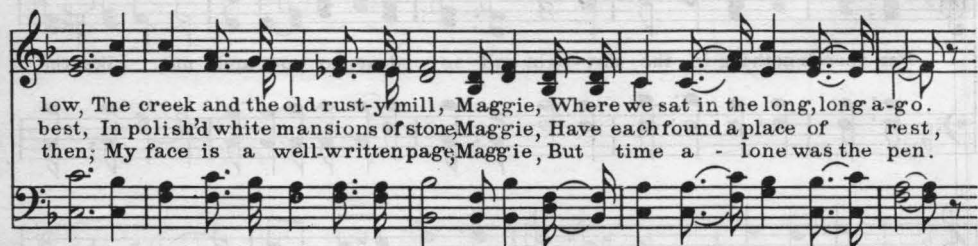
When You And I Were Young, Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

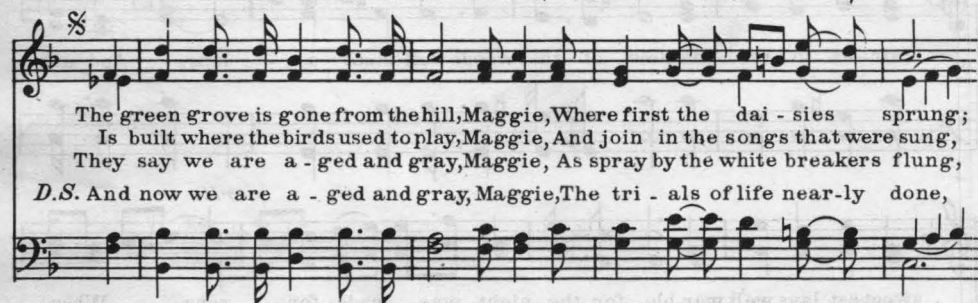
J. A. BUTTERFIELD



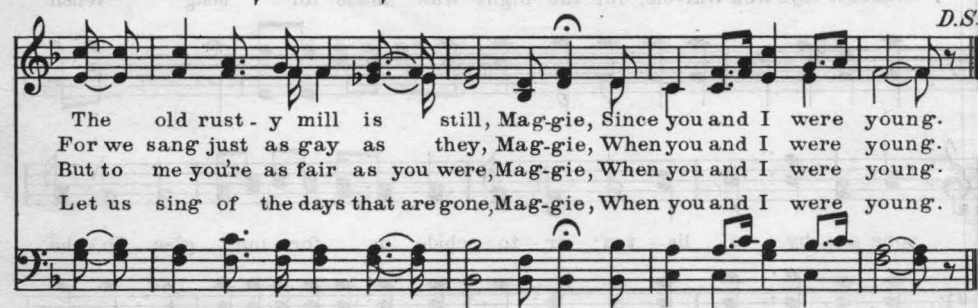
1. I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less spright-ly than



low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
 best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
 then; My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.



§
 The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
 They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, The tri - als of life near-ly done,

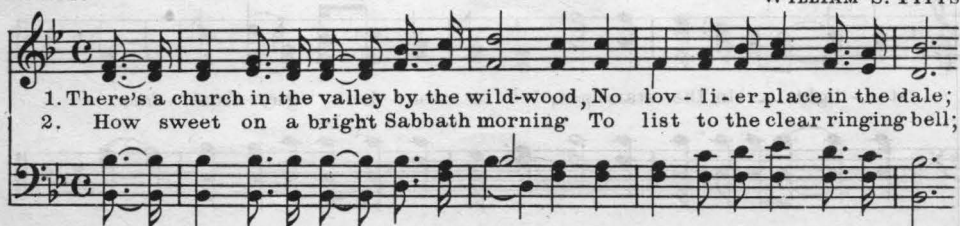


D.S.
 The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

The Little Brown Church In The Vale

W.S.P.

WILLIAM S. PITTS



1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale;
 2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning To list to the clear ringing bell;

No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, O come to the church in the vale.

rit. a tempo

Come to the church in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

dale; *After 2nd verse, repeat Cho. pp*

come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

The Blue Juniata

M.D.S.

Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN

mf

1. Wild roved an In-dian girl, Bright Al-fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al-fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa-ters of the blue Ju-ni - a - ta. Swift as an an-te-lope, Thro' the for-est
wa-ters of the blue Ju-ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar-rows are, In my paint-ed

go-ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress-es flow-ing.
quiver, Swift goes my light ca - noe A-down the rap - id riv - er.

Ole Dan Tucker

First Verse-Henry Russel

Other Verses-Myrtle Koon Cherryman

HENRY RUSSEL

Quickly

CHORUS

UNISON

1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise and saw de fight, De
 2. Ole Dan he work'd in de cot-ton fiel, But got a stone-bruise on his heel, So
 3. Ole Dan was hun-gry for to eat Some good corn pone wid chick-en meat, But
 4. An' now I thinks dat poor ole Dan, Is git-tin' to be a right ole man, An'

watch-man was a run-nin' roun' Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town." So
 he lef' de fiel' and went troo de wood, To de lit-tle pond whah de fishin's good. So
 when he went for to steal a hen, De Mas-sa says, "Don't do dat a - gain!" So
 when he dies an' goes up high, I hope the angels there won't cry, Oh

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,

Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to 'sup-per.

MODIFIED BY N.H.H.

Reuben and Rachel

1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
 { O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be
 2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
 { Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer-ry time,
 3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas-ing, If you've an-y love for me,
 { Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,



{ If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern sea.
 { If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern sea.
 { If they had no men a-bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
 { If at once they were trans-port-ed Far be-yond the salt-y brine.
 { I was on-ly just a-fool-ing, As I thought of course you'd see.
 { And I'll split with you my mon-ey Ev-'ry pay-day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only would be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

I Had Four Brothers Over The Sea

Lively

MOUNTAIN SONG

1. I had four broth-ers o-ver the sea,
 2. The first sent a goose with-out a bone,
 3. The third sent a blanket with-out a thread,
 4. When the cherry's in the blos-som there is no stone.
 5. When the wools on the sheep's back there is no thread.

Per-rie, Mer-rie, Dix-i,

And they each sent a pres-ent un-to me.
 The sec-ond sent a cher-ry with-out a stone.
 Do-mi-ne; The fourth sent a book that no man could read.
 When the goose is in the shell there is no bone.
 When the book is in the press no man can it read.

Pe-tram, Par-tram, Par-a-di-se, Tempo-re, Per-rie, Mer-rie, Dix-i, Do-mi-ne.

Billy Boy

MOUNTAIN SONG

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cher-ry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cher-ry
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charm-ing Bil-ly?
 in, charm-ing Bil-ly?
 chair, charm-ing Bil-ly?
 pie, charm-ing Bil-ly?
 she, charm-ing Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty

charm-ing Bil-ly

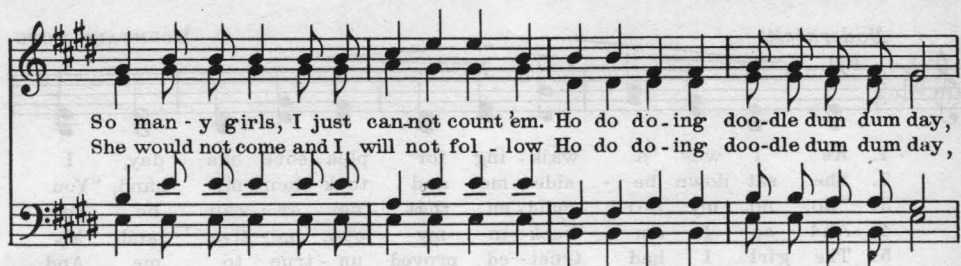
joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 ring-lets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 eight and e - lev - en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

Sour Wood Mountain

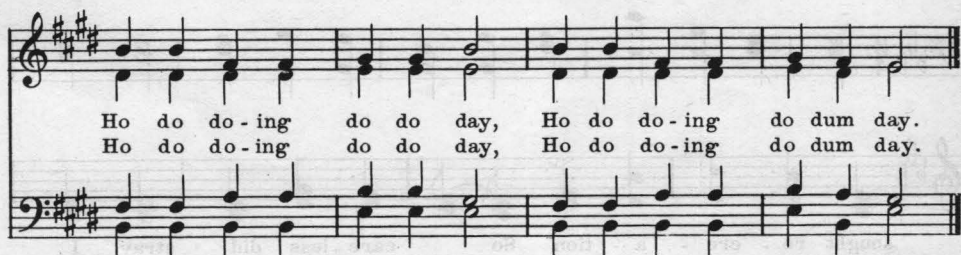
MOUNTAIN SONG

Arr. by M. E. O.

1. Chick-ens are crowing on Sour Wood Mountain Ho do do-ing doo-dle dum day
 2. I got a girl in the Sour Wood Hol-low Ho do do-ing doo-dle dum day



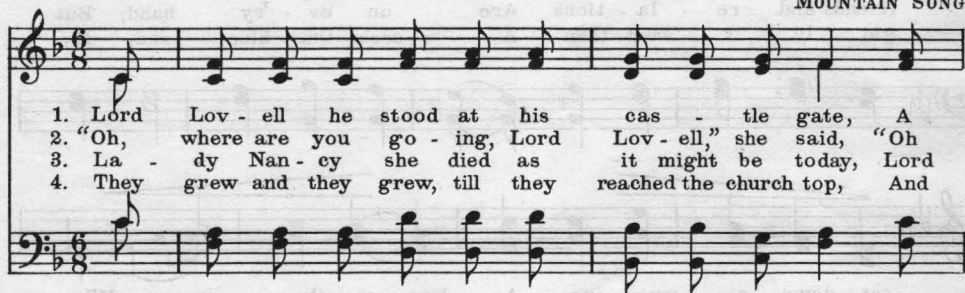
So man - y girls, I just can-not count 'em. Ho do do-ing doo-dle dum dum day,
She would not come and I, will not fol - low Ho do do-ing doo-dle dum dum day,



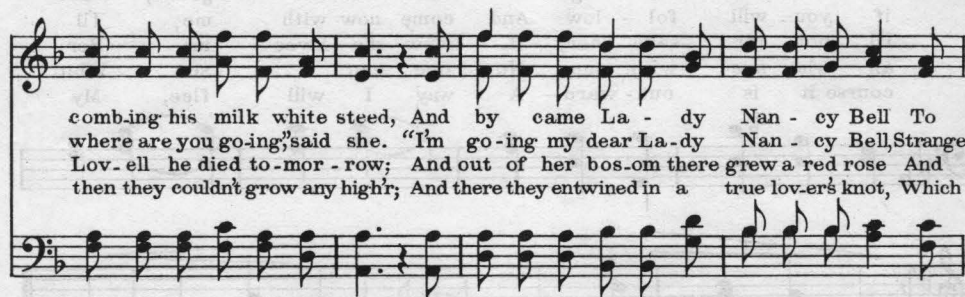
Ho do do-ing do do day, Ho do do-ing do dum day.
Ho do do-ing do do day, Ho do do-ing do dum day.

Lord Lovell

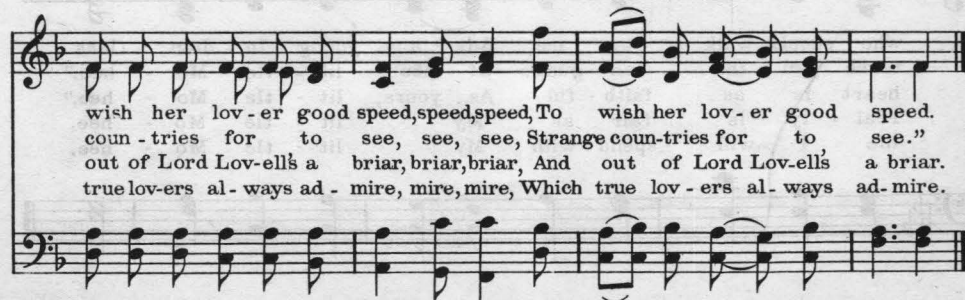
MOUNTAIN SONG



1. Lord Lov - ell he stood at his cas - tle gate, A
2. "Oh, where are you go - ing, Lord Lov - ell," she said, "Oh
3. La - dy Nan - cy she died as it might be today, Lord
4. They grew and they grew, till they reached the church top, And



combining his milk white steed, And by came La - dy Nan - cy Bell To
where are you going," said she. "I'm go-ing my dear La-dy Nan - cy Bell, Strange
Lov-ell he died to-mor - row; And out of her bos-om there grew a red rose And
then they couldn't grow any high'r; And there they entwined in a true lov-ers knot, Which



wish her lov - er good speed, speed, speed, To wish her lov - er good speed.
coun - tries for to see, see, see, Strange coun - tries for to see."
out of Lord Lov-ell's a briar, briar, briar, And out of Lord Lov-ell's a briar.
true lov-ers al - ways ad - mire, mire, mire, Which true lov - ers al - ways ad - mire.

Little Mohee

MOUNTAIN SONG

*Moderately**mp*

1. As I was a walk - ing for plea - sure one day, I
 2. She sat down be - side me and took then my hand, "You
 3. "No, no, my fair maid - en, that nev - er can be, For
 4. And so I am back in my own na - tive land, My
 5. The girl I had trust - ed proved un - true to me, And

sought re - cre - a - tion So care - less did stray, I
 look like a stran - ger And from a strange land; But
 I have a true love Who is wait - ing for me; And
 friends and re - la - tions Are on ev - 'ry hand; But
 gai - ly I went then A - cross the blue sea; My

sat down a - mus - ing A - lone on the grass, When
 if you will fol - low And come now with me, I'll
 I'll not for - sake her, I know she loves me. Her
 all who are with me, No one can I see Who
 course it is out - ward - A - way I will flee, My

who should walk by me, But a young In - dian lass.
 teach you the lan - guage Of the lit - tle Mo - hee."
 heart is as faith - ful As yours, lit - tle Mo - hee."
 real - ly is fair as My lit - tle Mo - hee.
 life I will spend with My lit - tle Mo - hee.

Listen To The Mocking-Bird

89

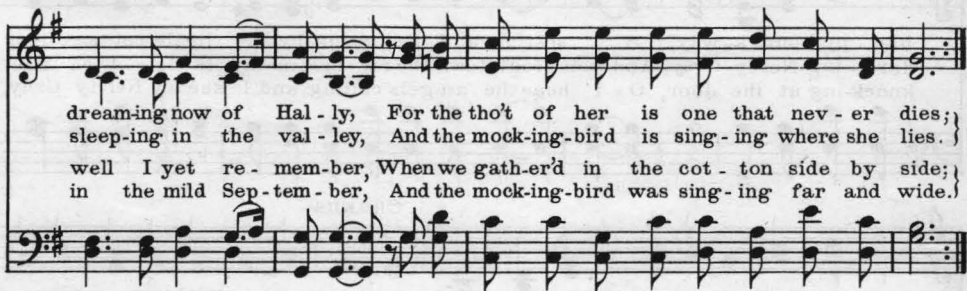
A. H.

ALICE HAWTHORNE



1. { I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, I'm
She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's

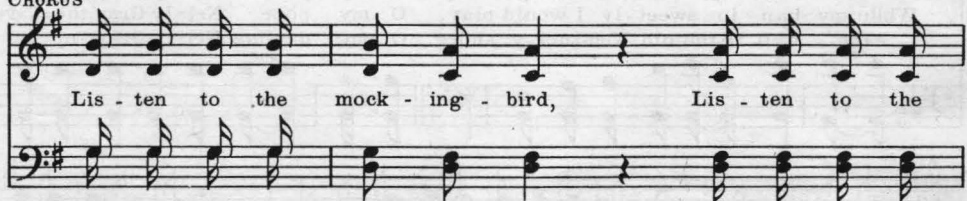
2. { Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, re - mem-ber, re - mem-ber, Ah!
'Twas in the mild Sep - tem-ber, Sep - tem-ber, Sep - tem-ber, 'Twas



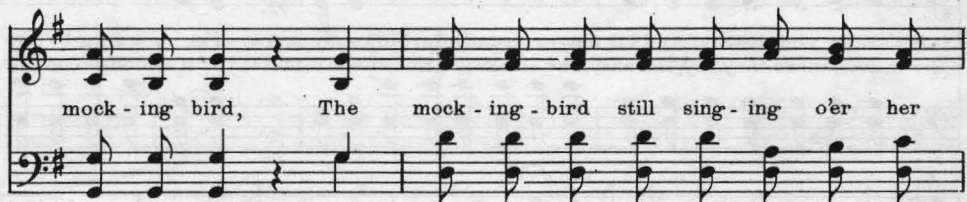
dream-ing now of Hal-ly, For the tho't of her is one that nev - er dies;
sleep-ing in the val-ley, And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing where she lies. }

well I yet re - mem-ber, When we gath-er'd in the cot - ton side by side;
in the mild Sep - tem-ber, And the mock-ing-bird was sing-ing far and wide. }

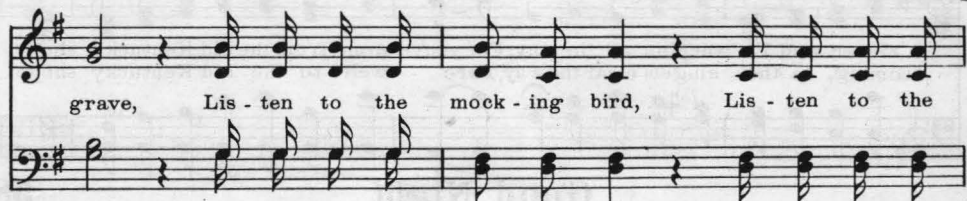
CHORUS



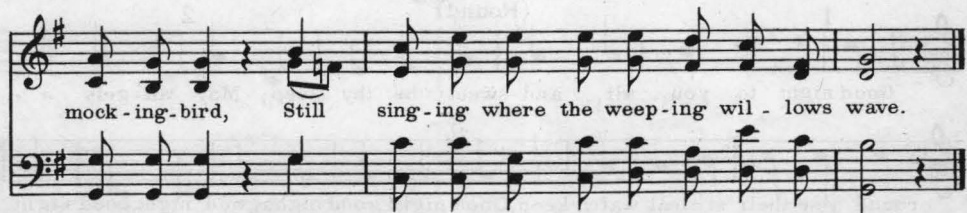
Lis - ten to the mock - ing - bird, Lis - ten to the



mock - ing bird, The mock - ing - bird still sing - ing o'er her



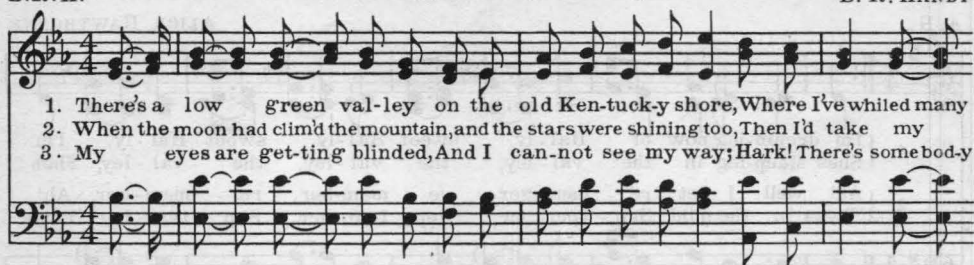
grave, Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the



mock - ing - bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANBY

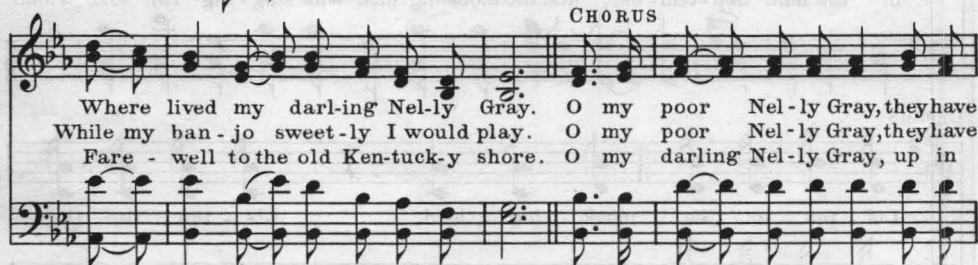


1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled many
2. When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my
3. My eyes are get-ting blinded, And I can-not see my way; Hark! There's somebod-y

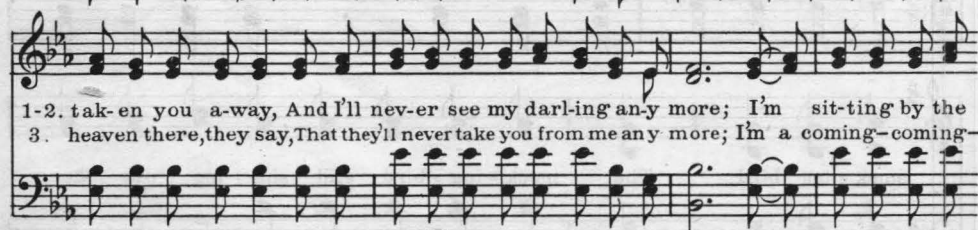


hap - py hours a - way, A sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door
darl - ing Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca - noe,
knock-ing at the door, O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray,

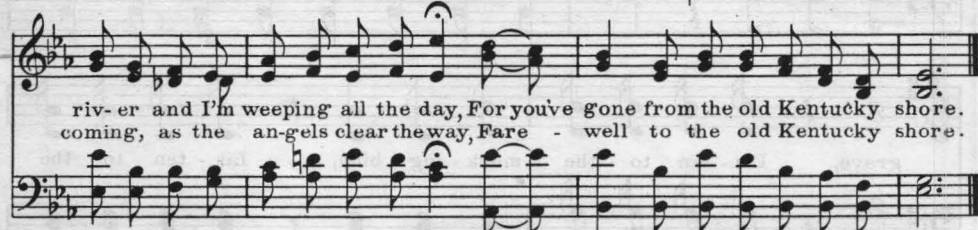
CHORUS



Where lived my darl-ing Nel-ly Gray. O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have
While my ban - jo sweet-ly I would play. O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have
Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore. O my darl-ing Nel-ly Gray, up in



1-2. tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my darl-ing any more; I'm sit-ting by the
3. heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more; I'm a coming-coming-

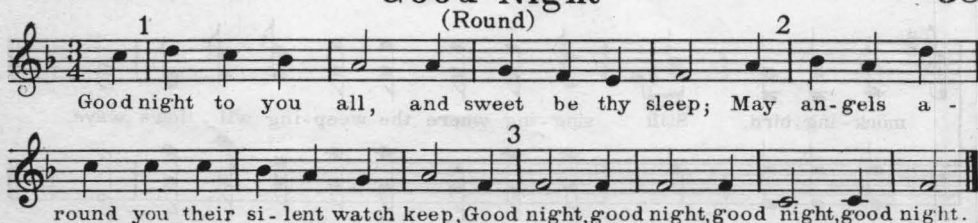


riv-er and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
coming, as the an-gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Kentucky shore.

Good Night

58

(Round)



1
Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an-gels a -
2
3
round you their si - lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Ole Shady

91

B. R. H.

Quickly

BENJAMIN R. HANBY

mf

1. Oh! yah! yah! dark - ies laugh wid me, For de
2. Oh! mass' got scared and so did his la - dy

white folks say ole Sha - dy's free So
Dis chile breaks for ole Un - cle Ab - y,

don't you see dat de ju - bi - lee is a com-ing,
O - pen de gates out here's Ole Sha - dy a com-ing,

CHORUS

com-ing, Hail might-y day! Den a - way, a - way, for I can't wait an - y
com-ing, Hail might-y day!

long-er, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, I'm go-ing home. Den a - way, a - way, for I

can't wait an - y long-er, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray I'm go-ing home.

Annie Laurie

WILLIAM DOUGLASS

LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderately quick

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fair-y feet, And like

therethat Annie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her promise true,
 face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on,
 winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,

Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
 And dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
 And she's a' the world to me, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

The Last Rose Of Summer

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR

1. { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; } No flower of her kindred
 { All her love-ly companions Are fad-ed and gone; }
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kindly I scat-ter
 { Since the lovely are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; }
 3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de-cay, } When true hearts lie withered
 { And from love's shining circle The gems drop a-way, }

rit.
 No rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone?

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

93

ROBERT BURNS

JAMES E. SPILMAN

Not too slowly



1. Flow gen- tly, sweet Af- ton, a- mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft- y, sweet Af- ton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of
3. Thy crys- tal stream, Afton, how love- ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



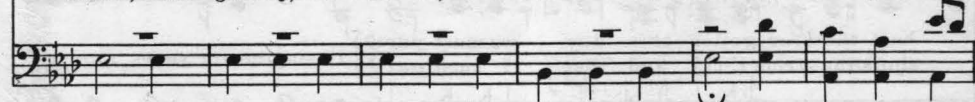
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a- sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet
clear winding rills! There daily I wan- der, as morn rises high, My flocks and my
Ma- ry re- sides! How wanton thy wa- ters her snowy feet lave, As, gathering sweet



Af- ton, dis- turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech- o re- sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas- ant thy banks and green val- leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen- tly, sweet Afton, a- mang thy green



hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn- y dell, Thou green crest- ed
low, Where wild in the wood- lands the prim- ros- es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen- tly, sweet riv- er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a



lap-wing, thy screaming for- bear, I charge you, dis- turb not my slum- ber- ing fair.
evening creeps o- ver the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen- tly, sweet Afton, dis- turb not her dream.



Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. JULIA CRAWFORD

FREDERICK N. CROUCH

mf Moderately quick *mf* *mf*

1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hun-ter is
2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, a - wake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the

mf Small notes to be sung for 2d V.

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A -

Kathleen Mavour-neen, what! slumbring still? Kathleen Mavourneen, what!
rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night; A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou

slum - bring still? Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sever? Oh!
star of my night! Ma-vourneen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

mf *fz* *mf*
hast thou for-gotten this day we must part? }
think that from E-rin and thee I must part! } It may be for years, and it

mf *semplice* *mf*
may be for ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

mf *mf* *mf*

years, and it may be for ev er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

The Heart Bowed Down

M.W.B.

(From "The Bohemian Girl")

MICHAEL Wm. BALFE

Moderately slow

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too

can no com - fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti - ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its

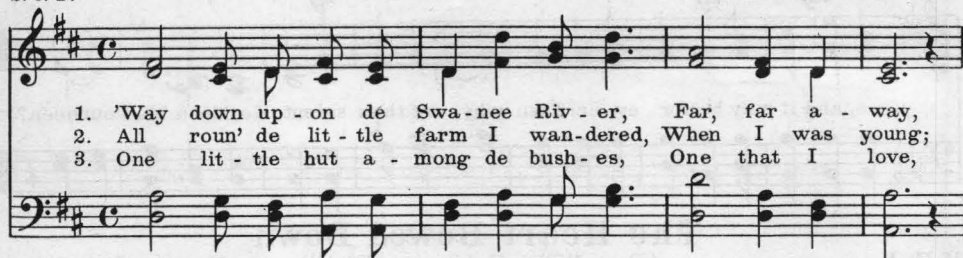
pleasure's pathway thrown; But mem-ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
vi-sions with them flown; For mem-ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own

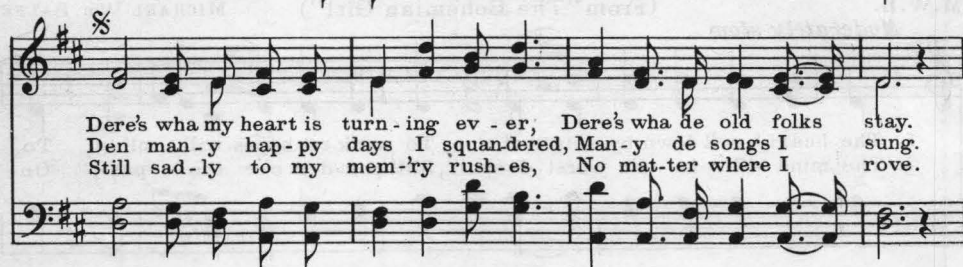
Old Folks At Home

S. C. F.

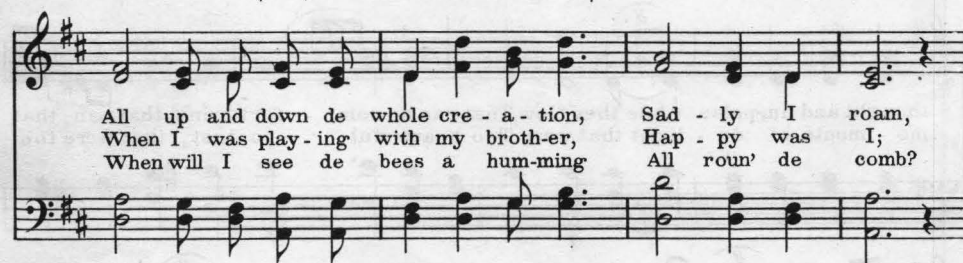
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



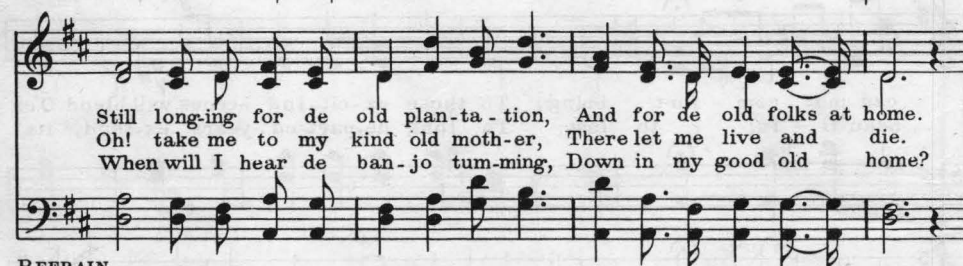
1. 'Way down up - on de Swa-nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One that I love,



Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.
 Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

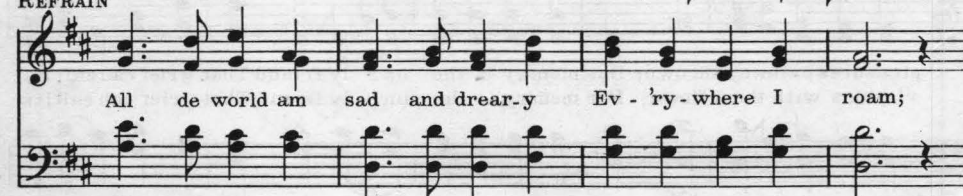


All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I;
 When will I see de bees a hum-ming All roun' de comb?

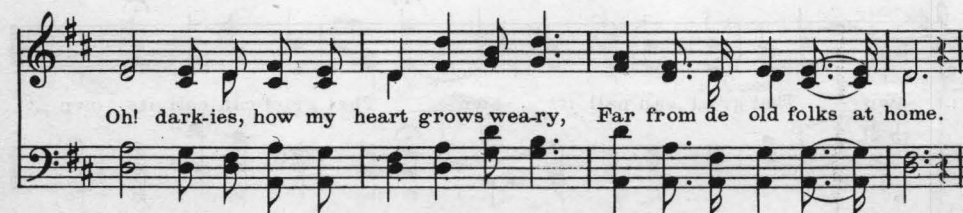


Still long-ing for de old plan-ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN



All de world am sad and drear-y Ev - 'ry-where I roam;



Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.


My Old Kentucky Home

97



S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



Rather slowly




1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer,
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow,
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With ser-row,
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter,

the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my
the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
where all was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the
'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my



1. birds make mu-sic all the day; The old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
2. bench by the old cab-in door; The old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
3. field where the su-gar - canes grow; A old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!




CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to day! We will

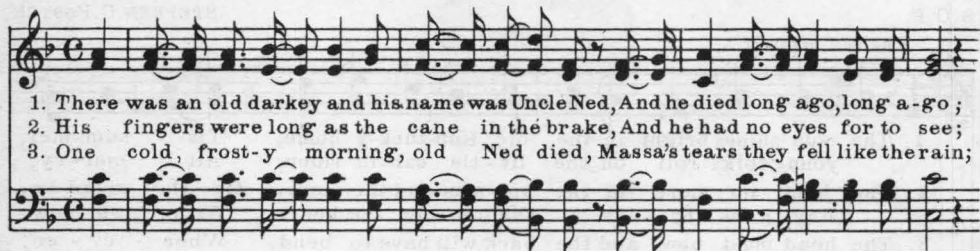



sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.

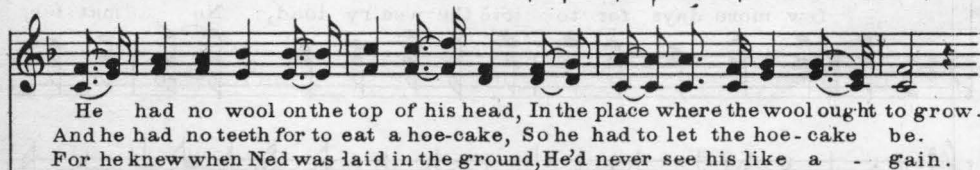


Uncle Ned

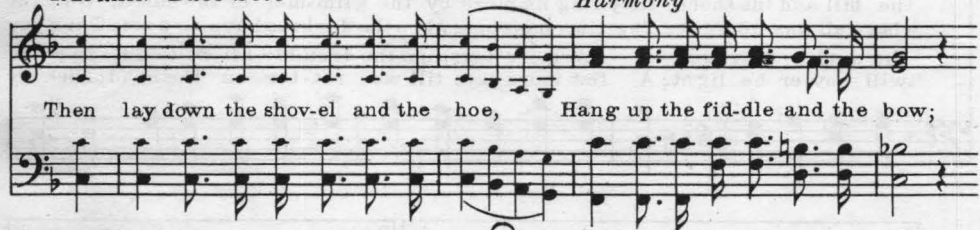
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



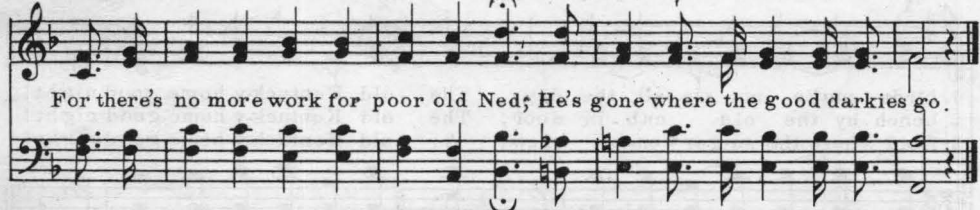
1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long ago, long a-go;
 2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
 3. One cold, frost-y morning, old Ned died, Massa's tears they fell like the rain;



He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain.

REFRAIN *Bass Solo**Harmony*


Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

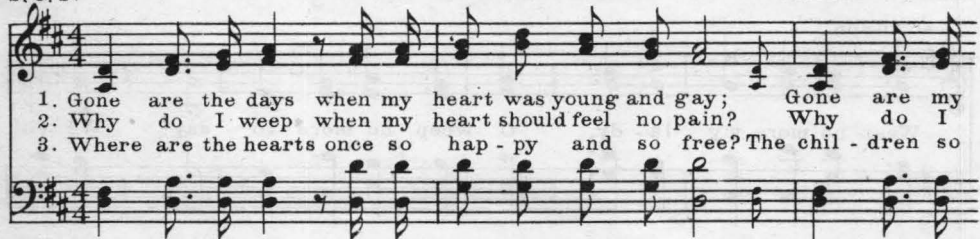


For there's no more work for poor old Ned; He's gone where the good darkies go.

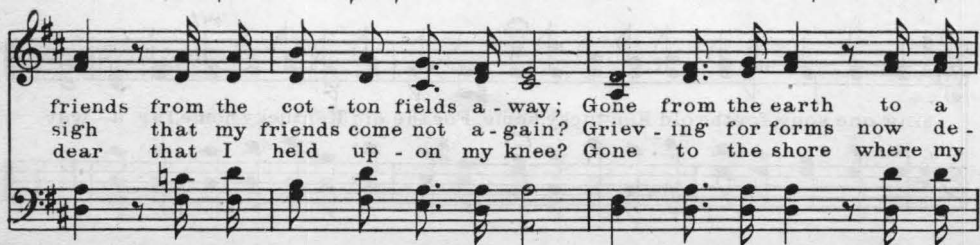
S. C. F.

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so



friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
 sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
 dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

Old Black Joe - Continued

99

Fine.

bet-ter land I know, I hear their gen-tle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 part-ed long a-go, I hear their gen-tle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen-tle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!"

mf CHORUS *pp* *D.S. al Fine.*

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low;

Massa's In The Cold Ground

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,
 2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
 3. Massa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad-ly weep a-bove him,

Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de gras-sy mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de o-rangetrees am blooming, On de san-dy shore,
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-morrow, Cayse de tear drop now;

CHORUS

Dare old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground,
 Now de summer days am coming, Massa neb-ber calls no more. } Down in de cornfield
 I try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.

Hear dat' mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part, Thou art
2. We have roamed in youth 'mid the bowers When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom, Now I

hm Hm Hm

hm

gone, a-las, like the many That have bloomed in the summer of my heart. REFRAIN
stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfume o'er thy tomb.

Shall we

never more be-hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the

springtime comes, gentle An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

S.F.C.

Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.*Moderately*

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the
2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She

queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be
laughs in the sun-light, and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the thistle-down, is

heard up-on the hill, Like the fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill.
borne up-on the air, And her heart like the hummingbirds is free from ev'ry care.

Fair-y - Belle, gentle Fairy-Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,

Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright, sunny way.

Gentle Annie and Fairy Belle are two of Foster's numbers which are comparatively little known. They have been so arranged as to make them useful for either mixed or male quartet. For male voices, have first tenor take the alto part, singing it in the range as written; the second tenor takes the soprano an octave lower than written; the first bass takes the upper part in the bass clef and the second bass the lower

Paraphrase on original
Foster text

Ring, Ring The Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The time is nev-er dreary, If a fel-low nev-er groans, A hoof-er's nev-er
2. Oh! nev-er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav'ler has no

CHORUS

wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old
troubles When he's got this song to sing.

song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

Hard Times Come Again No More

S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

mf Moderately

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the
 2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the

poor: There's a song that will linger for-ev-er in our ears; "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more!"
 door: Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more!"

CHORUS

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;

slower

Many days you have linger'd a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Old Dog Tray

S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a
 2. The forms I call'd my own, Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have

once hap-py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up-on the vil-lage green,
 all passed a way, Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone; I've

Old Dog Tray—Continued

CHORUS

Sport-ing with my old dog Tray. } Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief can-not drive him a-
noth- ing left but old dog Tray.

way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev er, nev er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

S. C. F.

Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si -
2. I had a dream de od - dernight, When eb'ry ting was still; I thought I saw Su -
3. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all 'round, And when I find Su -

an - a, My true love for to see. It rain'd all night de day I left, De
san - na, A com - ing down de hill. De buck - wheat cake war in her mouth, De
san - na, I'll fall up - on de ground. But if I do not find her, Dis

weather it was dry, De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry.
tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na don't you cry.
dark - ey'll sure - ly die; And when I'm dead and bur - ied, Su - san - na don't you cry.

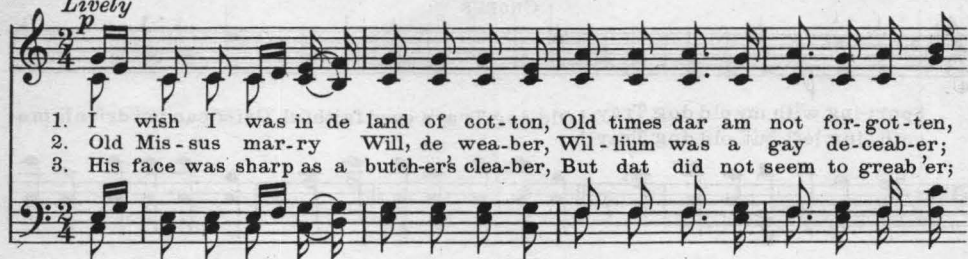
CHORUS

Oh! Su - san - na, oh, don't you cry for me, For I goin' to Lou - si - an - a wid my banjo on my knee.

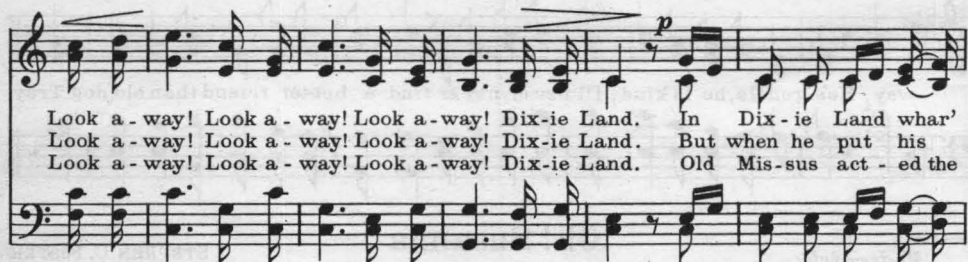
Dixie Land

DANIEL D. EMMETT

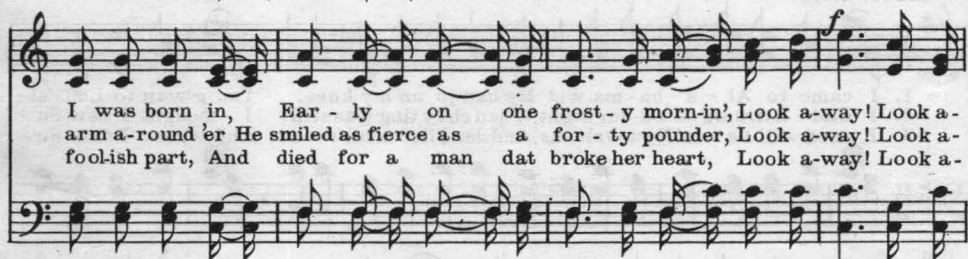
DANIEL D. EMMETT

Lively


1. I wish I was in de land of cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Wil-lium was a gay de-ceab-er;
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

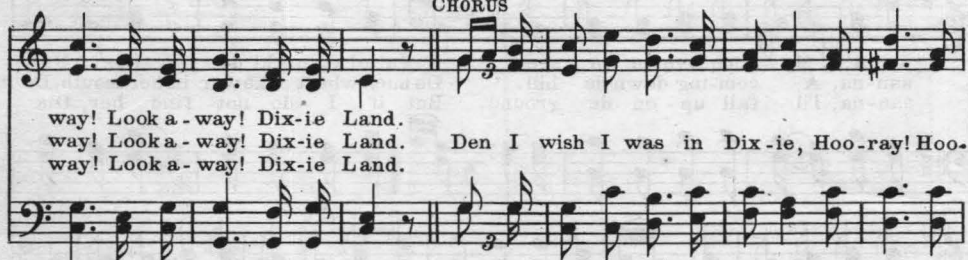


Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar'
 Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his
 Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the

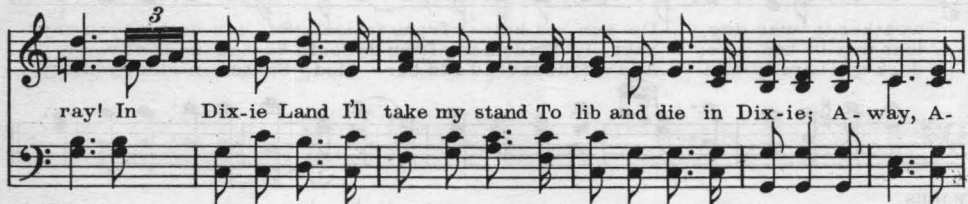


I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-
 arm a-round er He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-
 foolish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-

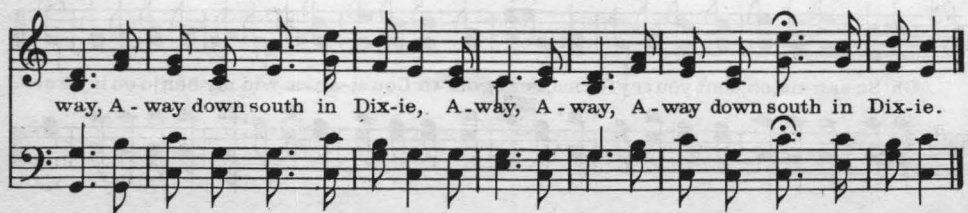
CHORUS



way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-
 way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.



ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-



way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

105

JULIA WARD HOWE

WILLIAM STEFFE

Moderate march time



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loo'd the fateful
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
deal with My con - tem - ners so with you My grace shall deal; "Let the He - ro born of
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men



light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



The Battle Cry Of Freedom

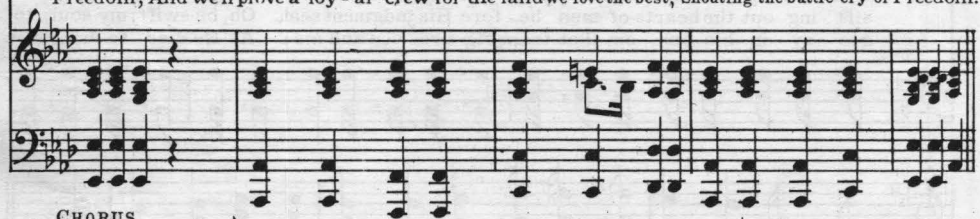
GEORGE F. ROOT



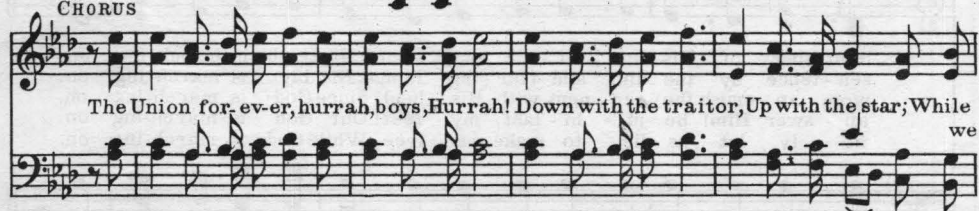
1. Yes, we'll rally round the flag boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle cry of
3. We will wel-come to our numbers the loyal, true and brave, Shouting the battle cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the battle cry of



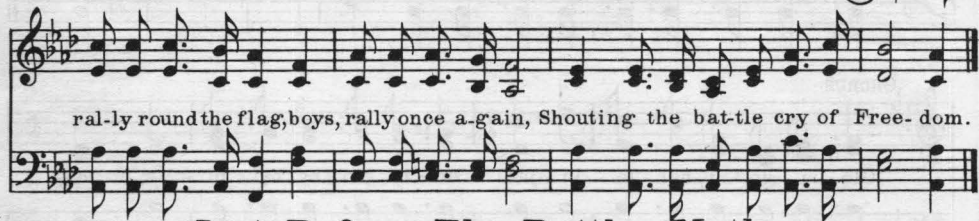
Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free men more, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll prove a loy-al crew for the land we love the best, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.



CHORUS



The Union for-ev-er, hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we

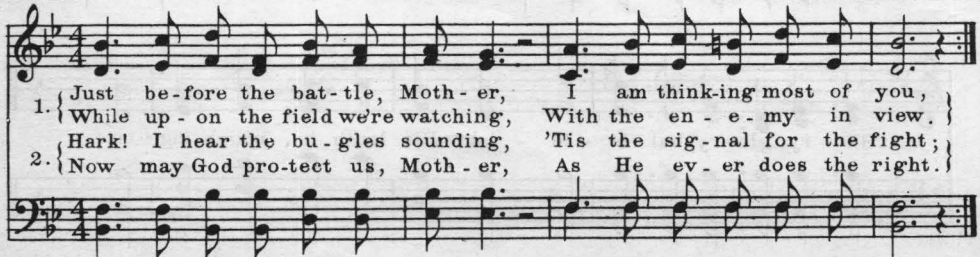


ral-ly round the flag, boys, rally once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.

Just Before The Battle, Mother

G. F. R.

GEORGE F. ROOT



1. { Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, I am think-ing most of you, }
 { While up-on the field we're watch-ing, With the en-e-my in view. }
2. { Hark! I hear the bu-gles sound-ing, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro-tect us, Moth-er, As He ev-er does the right. }

Just Before The Battle, Mother—Continued

Com-rades brave are round me ly-ing, Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Freedom," How it swells up-on the air; Oh,
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
yes, we'll ral-ly round the standard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.

CHORUS

Fare-well, Moth-er, you may never Press me to your heart a-gain; But
(you may never, Mother,) oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother, If I'm number'd with the slain.
(you will not forget me)

J.K.

The Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKEL

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad tho't deep doth grieve me; But know, what'er befalls me, I
2. No more shall I behold thee, Or to my heart enfold thee; In war's array appearing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if lying, I'll
go where honor calls me. foe's stern hosts are nearing. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
breathe thy dear name, dying. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Keller's American Hymn

MATTHIAS KELLER

f Majestically

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
 2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-
 3. Rise up, proude a-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

p *cresc.*
 jus-tice and right; Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
 roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
 fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!

mf
 Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
 Thun-ders our war-cry, "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
 Show that it still is for free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our

Fine. mf *D.S.*
 coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
 coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
 coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!

G.F.R.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

GEORGE F. ROOT


1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat-tle front westood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they
 3. So, with - in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall

bright and happy home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be-fore we reachd their lines They were
 come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the
D.S. -neath the star - ry flag We shall

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—Continued

109

Fine.




all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - try o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a - gain Of the free-land in our own be - lov - ed home.



CHORUS

D. S.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



Tenting On The Old Camp Ground

W. K.

Moderately

WALTER KITTREDGE



1. We're tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone,
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Man-y are ly - ing near;




Our wear - y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dy-ing, Man - y are in tears.




CHORUS



Man - y are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are




looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp-ground.



Song Of A Thousand Years

H. C. WORK

Majestically

1. Lift up your eyes, des-pond-ing free-men. Fling to the winds your need-less
2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-moment, Hide the blue sky when morn ap-

fears! He who un-furl'd your beauteous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
pears, When the bright sun that tints them crim-son, Ri-ses to shine a thou-sand years!

CHORUS

A thou-sand years! my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-

told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

UNKNOWN

The Girl I Left Behind Me

OLD IRISH AIR

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And

heav-y thoughts my heart to fill, Since part-ing with my Sal-ly. I
gen-tly lent their sil-v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But

The Girl I Left Behind Me — Continued

111

seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - mind me How
now I'm bound to Bright-on Camp, Kind heav'n may fa - vor find me, And

swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.

L.L.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With Spirit

LOUIS LAMBERT

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! hur - rah! We'll
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! hur - rah! To
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! hur - rah! We'll

give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
wel - come home our darl - ing boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The

men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out.
vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way.
lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To place up - on his roy - al brow.

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march-ing home.

We Are Coming, Father Abra'am

L. O. EMERSON

1. We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thou-sand more, From
2. If you look a-cross the hill-tops that meet the nor-thern sky, Long

Mis-sis-sip-pi's wind-ing stream and from New Eng-land's shore; We leave our plows and
mov-ing lines of ris-ing dust your vis-ion may des-cry; And now the wind, and

work-shops, our wives and chil-dren dear, With hearts too full for ut-ter-ance, with
in-stant, tears the cloud-y veil a-side, And floats a-loft our spangled flag in

but a sil-ent tear; We dare not look be-hind us, but stead-fast-ly be-
glo-ry and in pride; And bayonets in the sun-light gleam, and bands brave music

fore. We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thou-sand more..
pour, We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thou-sand more..

CHORUS

We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Our Un-ion to re-store, We are

com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, with three hun-dred thou-sand more, We are

cresc

com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, with three hun - dred thou - sand more.

cresc

There's Music In The Air

Moderately quick motion

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. There's mu-sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint it's blush is seen
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noontides sul-try beam Re-flects a gol-den light

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat-ic sound, With its thrill of
On the dis - tant mountain stream. When be-neath some grateful shade, Sorrows aching

joy pro-found, While we list, en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.

Stars Of The Summer Night

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

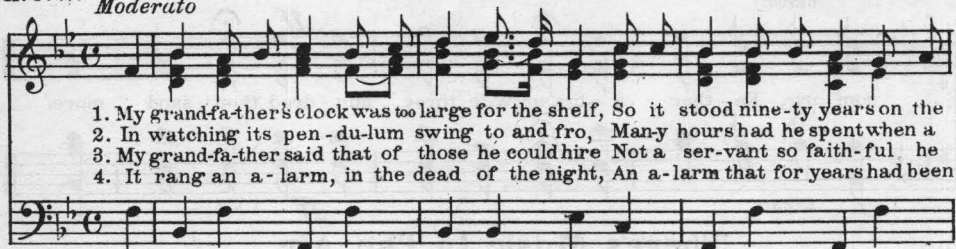
1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
slum - ber light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

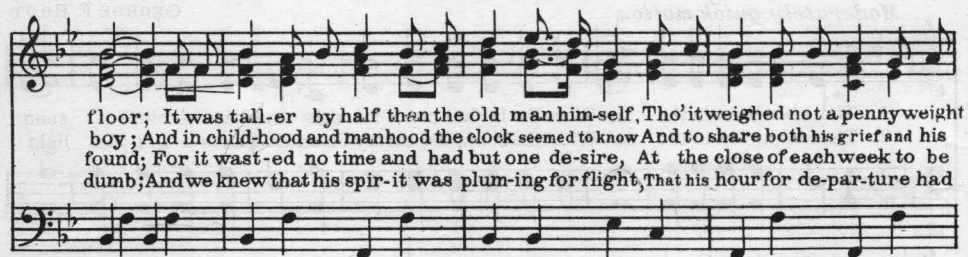
Grandfather's Clock

H. C. W. *Moderato*

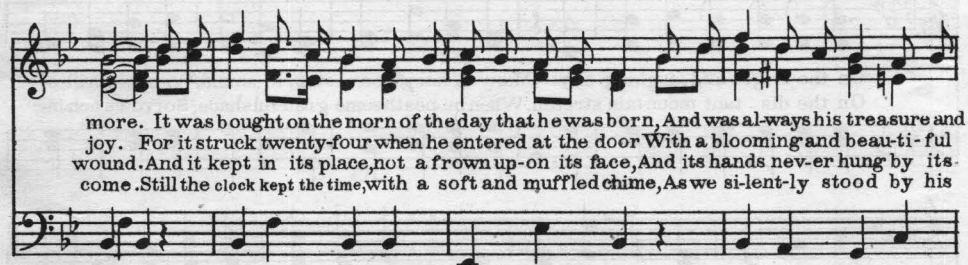
HENRY C. WORK



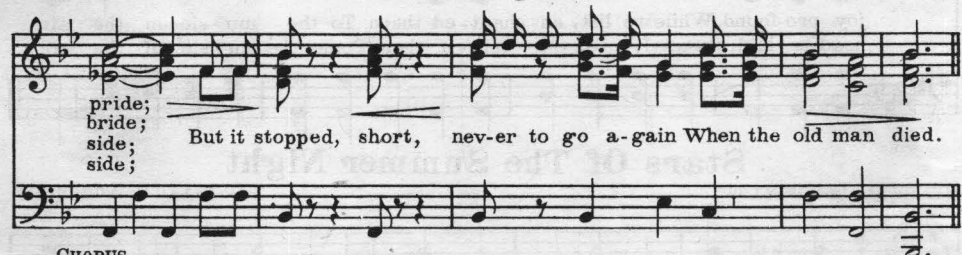
1. My grandfa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the
 2. In watching its pen-du-lum swing to and fro, Many hours had he spent when a
 3. My grand-fa-ther said that of those he could hire Not a ser-vant so faith-ful he
 4. It rang an a-larm, in the dead of the night, An a-larm that for years had been



floor; It was tall-er by half than the old man him-self, Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight
 boy; And in child-hood and manhood the clock seemed to know And to share both his grief and his
 found; For it wast-ed no time and had but one de-sire, At the close of each week to be
 dumb; And we knew that his spir-it was plum-ing for flight, That his hour for de-par-ture had

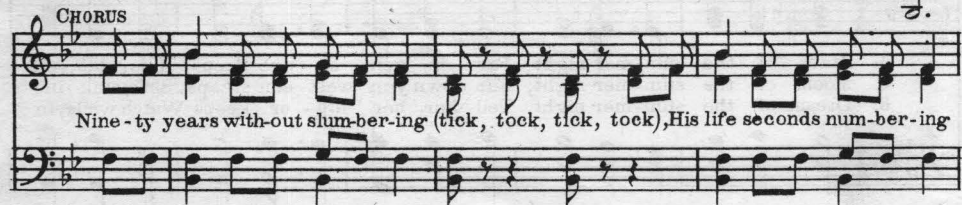


more. It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al-ways his treasure and
 joy. For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door With a blooming and beau-ti-ful
 wound. And it kept in its place, not a frown up-on its face, And its hands nev-er hung by its-
 come. Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, As we si-lent-ly stood by his



pride;
 bride;
 side;
 side;
 But it stopped, short, nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

CHORUS



Nine-ty years with-out slum-ber-ing (tick, tock, tick, tock), His life seconds num-ber-ing



(tick, tock, tick, tock); It stopped, short, nev-er to go a-gain, When the old man died.

Love's Old Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

115

J. L. MOLLOY

With a moderately quick motion

1. Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to
 2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er -

fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an
 more, Foot-steps may fal - ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the

old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it
 close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be

REFRAIN

wove it-self in - to our dream. Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,
 found the sweetest song of all.

And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and

long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

The Tree In The Wood

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin - est tree you ev - er did see,
2. And on this tree there grew a limb, The fin - est limb you

And the green leaves grew a-round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew a - round.

ever did see; The limb was on the tree, The tree was in the wood,

And the green leaves grew a-round, around, around, And the green leaves grew a round.

3. Branch. 4. Nest. 5. Egg. 6. Yolk. 7. Bird. 8. Wing. 9. Feather.

As each item is added in successive verses, the preceding items are repeated in reverse order. Thus the last verse would run as follows:

And on the wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,

The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

THOMAS MOORE

Those Evening Bells

*Moderately**Fine.*

1. Those evening bells! those eve - ning bells! How man - y a tale their mu - sic tells,
2. Those joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And man - y a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful peal will still ring on,

Those Evening Bells—Continued

117

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth-ing chime.
With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

META ORRED

In The Gloaming

ANNIE F. HARRISON

Slowly

1. In the gloam-ing oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing oh, my dar-ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!

And the qui - et shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,
Though I passed a - way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,

When the winds are sob - bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un - known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long-ing; what had been could nev - er be.

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for

2 rall. cresc.

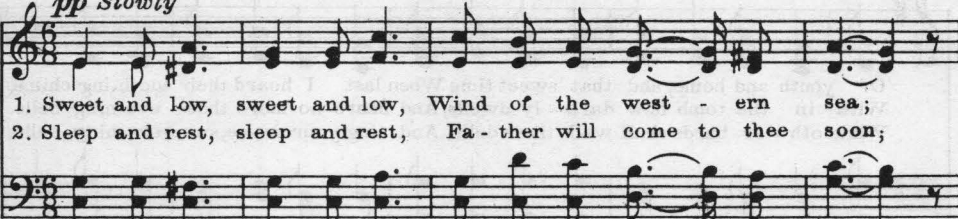
me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

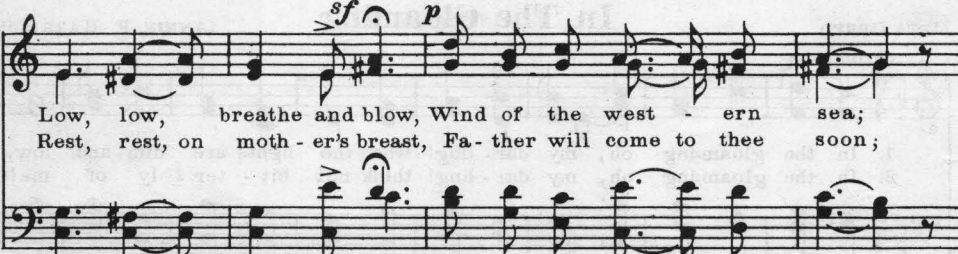
JOSEPH BARNBY

pp Slowly



1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*



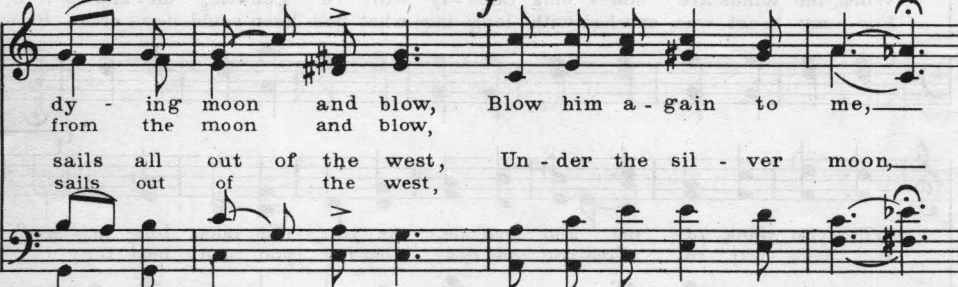
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*



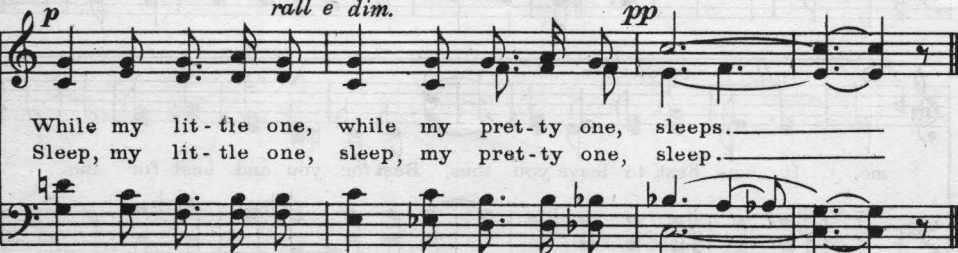
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
O - ver the wa - ters go, Come
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f



dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, —
from the moon and blow,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon, —
sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*



While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. —
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. —

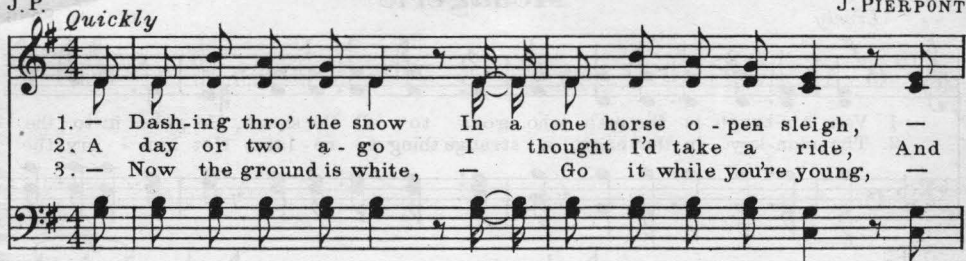
Jingle, Bells

119

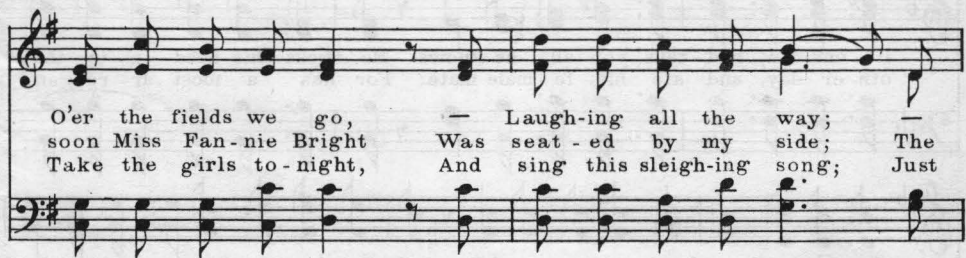
J.P.

J. PIERPONT

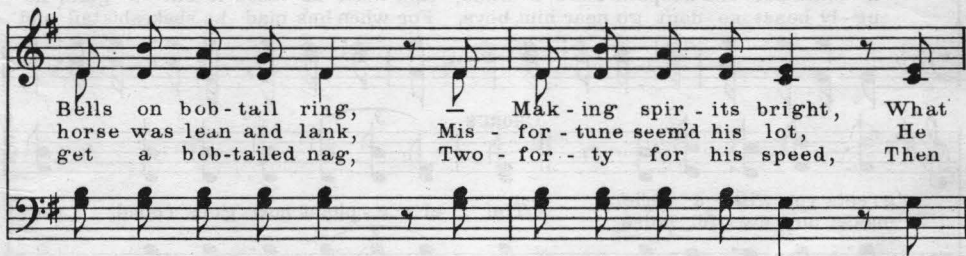
Quickly



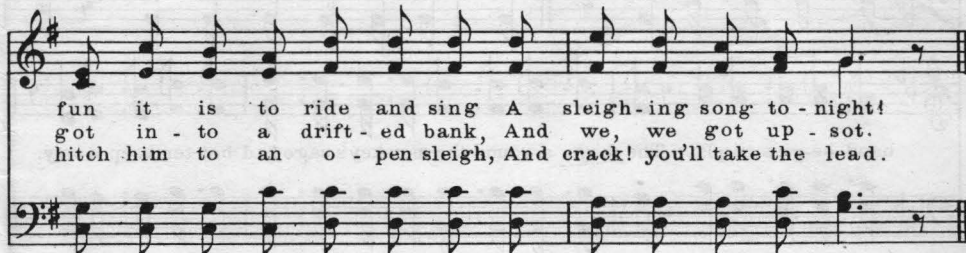
1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one horse o - pen sleigh, —
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
 3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young, —



O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; —
 soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side; The
 Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just

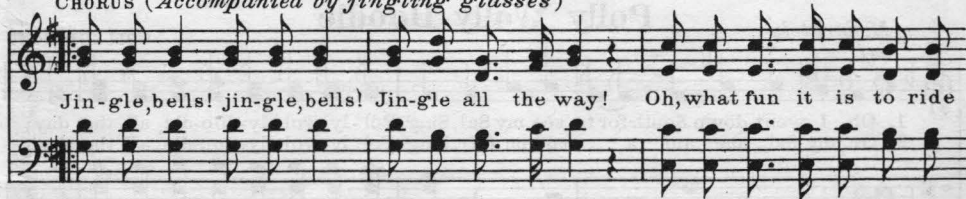


Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak-ing spir - its bright, What
 horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
 get a bob-tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

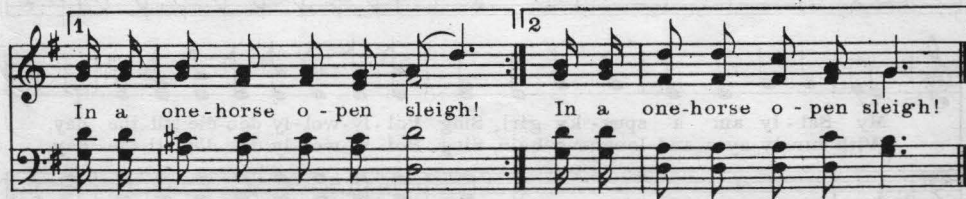


fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS (*Accompanied by jingling glasses*)



Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride



¹ In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! ² In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Menagerie

Lively

COLLEGE SONG

1. Van Am-burgh is the man who goes to all the shows, He goes in-to the
 2. The mon-key in that cage, a strange thing to re-late, Got hun - gry the

li - on's den, and tells you all he knows: He sticks his head in-to the
 oth-er day, and ate his fe-male mate: For he's a most ar-ro-gant

li - on's mouth and keeps it there, a-while, And when he takes it out a-gain, he
 ug-ly beast so don't go near him, boys, For when he's mad he shakes his tail and

CHORUS

greet's you with a smile. The el - e - phant now goes round, the
 makes an aw - ful noise.

band be-gins to play, The boys a-round the mon-key's cage had bet-ter keep a-way.

Polly Wolly Doodle

Moderately

COLLEGE SONG

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;

My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly doo - dle all the day.
 With cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly doo - dle all the day.

Polly Wolly Doodle—Continued

121

Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fai-ry fay, For I'm
fare-well, fare-well

going to Loui-si-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle all the day.

My Last Cigar

Lively

COLLEGE SONG

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, A glori-ous sum-mer day, I
2. I leaned up-on the quar-ter-rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en

sat up-on the quar-ter-deck, And whiff'd my cares a-way; And as the vol-umed
there the pur-ple wreath of smoke Was curling grace-ful-ly. O what had I at

smoke a-rose, Like in-cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wasting care? A-las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It

REFRAIN
was my last ci-gar. It was my last ci-gar, It was my last ci-
was my last ci-gar.

gar, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci-gar.

The Quilting Party

COLLEGE SONG

In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;

And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS

D. S. al Fine

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

Good-Night, Ladies

Male Quartette

COLLEGE SONG

1. Good-night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! Good-night,
2. Fare-well, la - dies! Fare-well, la - dies! Fare-well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,
la - dies! We're going to leave you now.

Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O-ver the dark blue sea.

The Bull-Dog

123

COLLEGE SONG

MALE VOICES

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him,
3. Says the monkey to the owl:
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,

Oh! the bull-dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
Says the monkey to the
Pharaoh's daughter on the

SOLO, FIRST BASS

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo-ses in the pool.

CHORUS *Lively* (MALE QUARTETTE)

bank,
catch him,
owl:
bank,

Air Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh!
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, Lit-tle

SOLO, SECOND BASS *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo-ses in the pool.

bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old water-fool.
snapper caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a laughing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so very kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mo-ses in the pool, She fish'd him out with a telegraph pole, And sent him off to school.

Singing tra la la la la la la, Singing tra la la la la la la, Singing
leil-i - o, leil-i - o,

tra la la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Trala la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i - o.

Repeat *pp*

Nut Brown Maiden

(Male Voices)

COLLEGE SONG

Arr. by W. J. G.

Moderately

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kissing of it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a slender waist; A slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast such pearly teeth; The pearly teeth are false, love! They rattle when you waltz, love! Nut brown

maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
 maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
 maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
 maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast such pearly teeth.

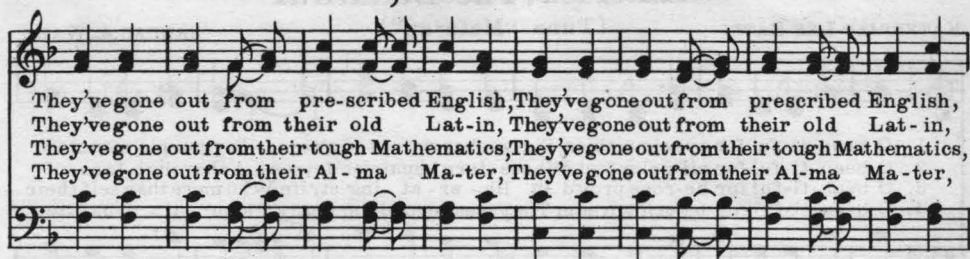
Where, O Where

COLLEGE SONG

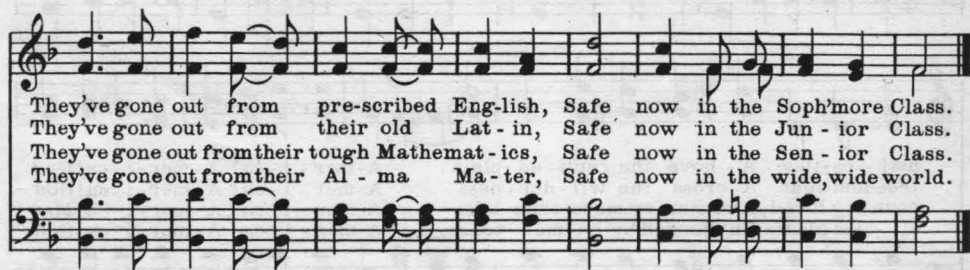
Spirited

1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors?
 4. Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors?

Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph'-more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Safe now in the Sen-ior Class.
 Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Safe now in the wide, wide world.



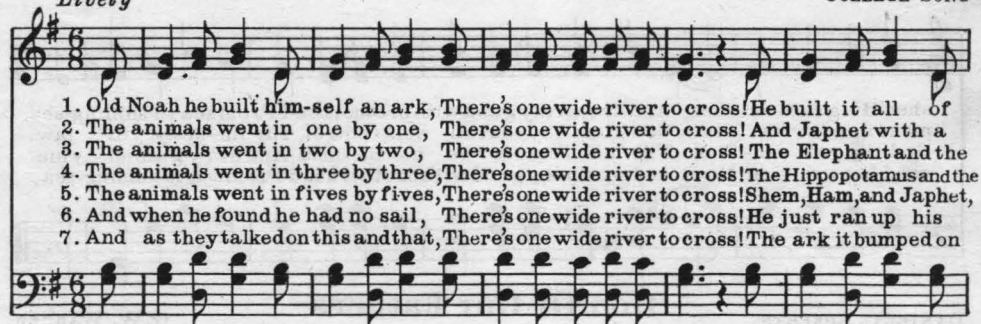
They've gone out from pre-scribed English, They've gone out from prescribed English,
 They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in,
 They've gone out from their tough Mathematics, They've gone out from their tough Mathematics,
 They've gone out from their Al - ma Ma-ter, They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter,



They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
 They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
 They've gone out from their tough Mathemat-ics, Safe now in the Sen-ior Class.
 They've gone out from their Al - ma Ma-ter, Safe now in the wide, wide world.

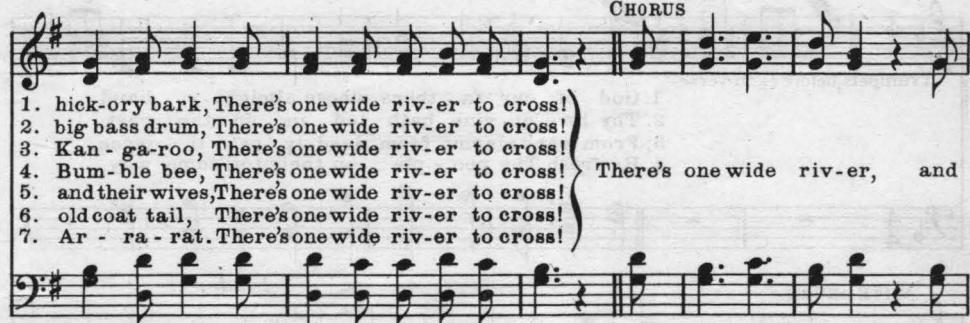
Noah's Ark

COLLEGE SONG

Lively


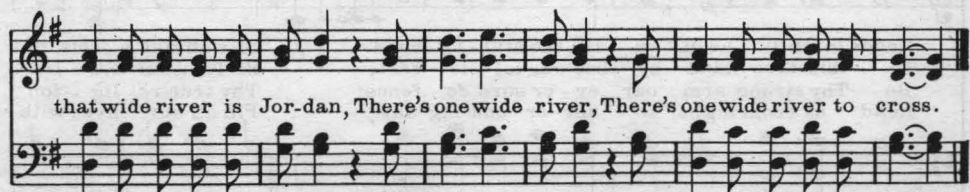
1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide river to cross! He built it all of
 2. The animals went in one by one, There's one wide river to cross! And Japhet with a
 3. The animals went in two by two, There's one wide river to cross! The Elephant and the
 4. The animals went in three by three, There's one wide river to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
 5. The animals went in fives by fives, There's one wide river to cross! Shem, Ham, and Japhet,
 6. And when he found he had no sail, There's one wide river to cross! He just ran up his
 7. And as they talked on this and that, There's one wide river to cross! The ark it bumped on

CHORUS



1. hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 2. big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 3. Kan - ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 4. Bum-ble bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 5. and their wives, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 6. old coat tail, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 7. Ar - ra - rat. There's one wide riv-er to cross!

There's one wide riv-er, and



that wide river is Jor-dan, There's one wide river, There's one wide river to cross.

America, The Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Tune "Materna")

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern impassion'd stress A thorough-fare of
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
 freedom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
 coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May
 cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
 mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
 God thy gold re-fine Till all success be no-ble-ness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

God Of Our Fathers

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

G. W. WARREN

3 VOICES ALONE 3
 Trumpets, before each verse.
 1. God of our fa-thers, whose almight-y hand
 2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
 3. From war's alarms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
 4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,

WITH ORGAN 3 louder
 Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Ru-ler,
 Be Thy strong arm our ev-er-sure de-fence; Thy true re-lig-ion
 Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with

splen-dor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine.

The Marines' Hymn

mf

1. From the Halls of Mon-te - zu - ma To the shores of Trip-o - li,
2. Our flag's un-furled to ev'-ry breeze From dawn to set-ting sun;
3. Here's health to you and to our Corps Which we are proud to serve;

We fight our coun-try's bat - tles On the land as on the sea—
We have fought in ev'-ry clime and place Where we could take a gun—
In man-y a strife we've fought for life And nev-er lost our nerve—

First to fight for right and free - dom And to keep our hon-or clean;
In the snow of far off North-ern lands And in sun-ny tro-pic scenes;
If the Arm-y and the Na - vy Ev-er look on Heav-en's scenes,

We are proud to claim the ti - tle Of U - nit-ed States Ma-rine.
You will find us al-ways on the job The U - nit-ed States Ma-rines.
They will find the streets are guard - ed By U - nit-ed States Ma-rines.

The Maple Leaf Forever

A.L.

ALEXANDER MUIR

With spirit

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-
 2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er
 4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland

tan-ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave, our boast and pride, And
 loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
 be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
 ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rauld Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till

join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
 swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
 dis-cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
 rocks and for-est quiver, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

CHORUS

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er, God
 save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.

Rule, Britannia

129

JAMES THOMSON

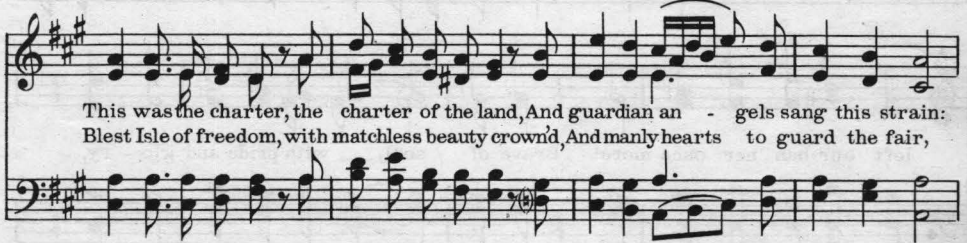
Dr. THOMAS ARNE



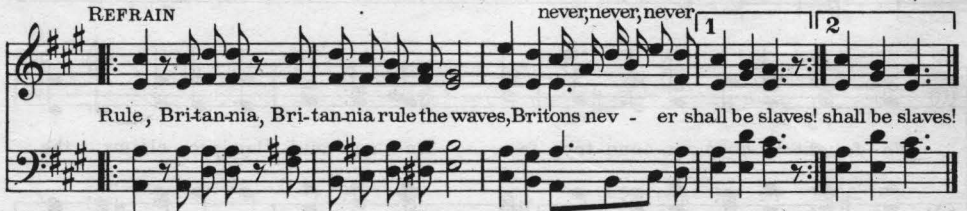
1. When Brit-ain first, at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose from out the
2. The mus-es, still with free-dom found, Shall to thy hap-py



az - ure main, A - rose from out the az - ure main,
coast re - pair, Shall to thy hap - py coast re - pair;



This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sang this strain:
Blest Isle of freedom, with matchless beauty crown'd, And manly hearts to guard the fair,

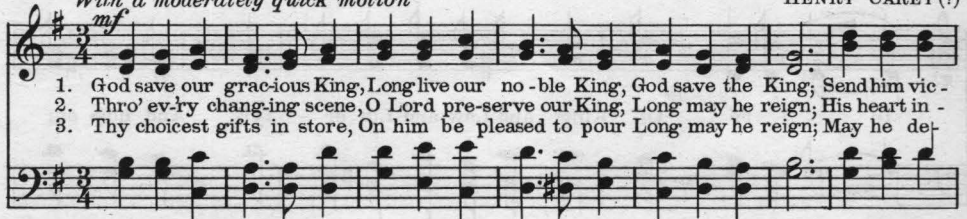


REFRAIN never, never, never 1 2
Rule, Britan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, Britons nev - er shall be slaves! shall be slaves!

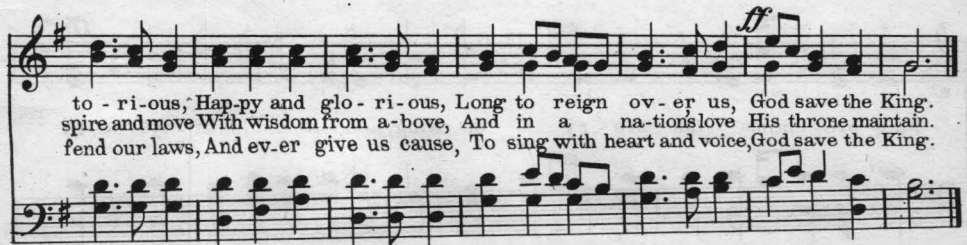
God Save The King (National Hymn Of Great Britain)

With a moderately quick motion

HENRY CAREY (?)



1. God save our grac-i-ous King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the King; Send him vic -
2. Thro' ev-ry chang-ing scene, O Lord pre-serve our King, Long may he reign; His heart in -
3. Thy choicest gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour Long may he reign; May he de -



to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign ov - er us, God save the King.
spire and move With wisdom from a - bove, And in a na-tions love His throne maintain.
fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

La Brabanconne

FRANCOIS VAN CAMPENHOUT

Marziale

f

The Bel - gians may ex - ult a - gain, — The rule — of

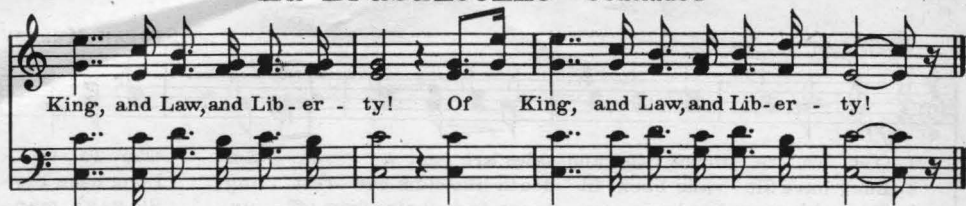
tyr - an - ny is o'er; — No long - er bound to slav - ry fast, — Flies a

loft our ban - ner once more! Brave of soul, — with pride and glo - ry,

We fought to keep our coun - try free, And now our flag pro - claims the

sto - ry Of King and Law and Lib - er - ty! And now our

Flag pro - claims the sto - ry of King, and Law, and Lib - er - ty! Of



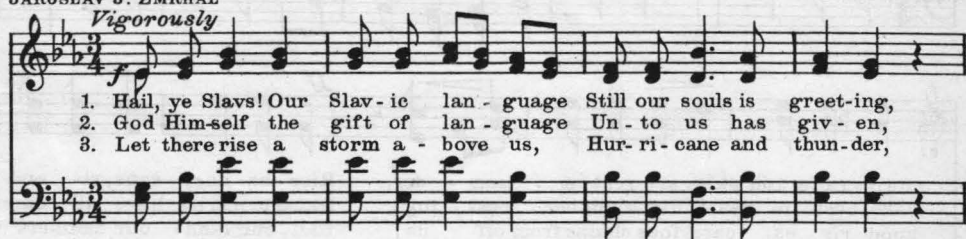
King, and Law, and Lib - er - ty! Of King, and Law, and Lib - er - ty!

English Version by
JAROSLAV J. ZMRHAL*

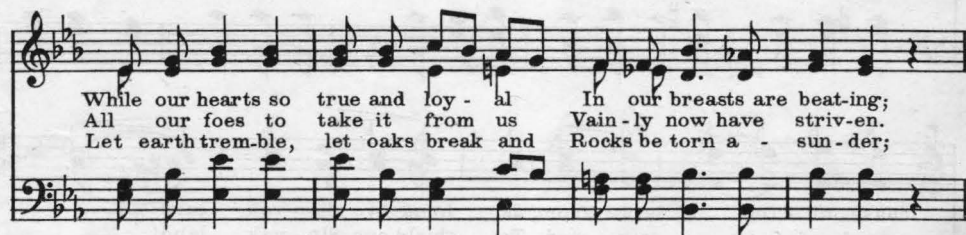
Hymn Of The Slavs

OLD BOHEMIAN SONG

Vigorously



1. Hail, ye Slavs! Our Slav - ic lan - guage Still our souls is greet - ing,
2. God Him - self the gift of lan - guage Un - to us has giv - en,
3. Let there rise a storm a - bove us, Hur - ri - cane and thun - der,



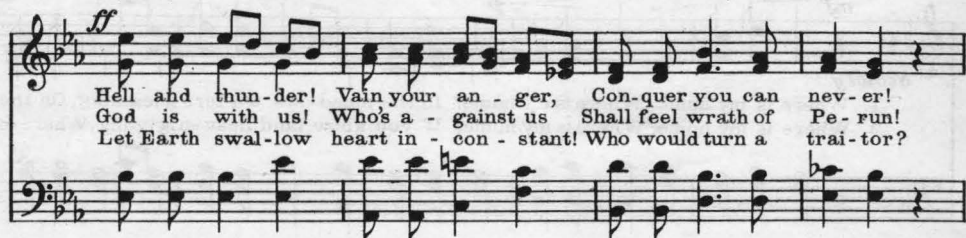
While our hearts so true and loy - al In our breasts are beat - ing;
All our foes to take it from us Vain - ly now have striv - en.
Let earth trem - ble, let oaks break and Rocks be torn a - sun - der;

cresc



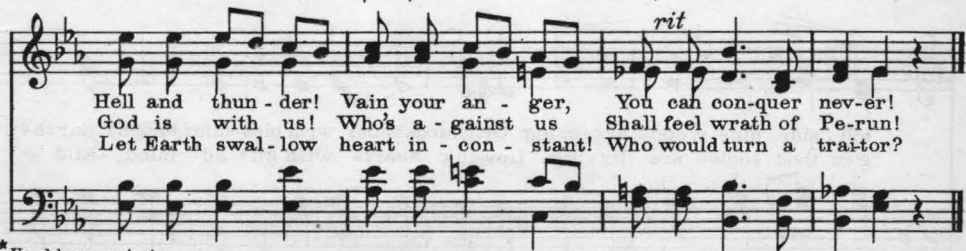
Yes, it lives, the Slav - ic spir - it, It shall live for - ev - er!
Be on earth as man - y dev - ils As are now men there - on!
We will stand with - out a tre - mor, True to our Cre - a - tor!

ff



Hell and thun - der! Vain your an - ger, Con - quer you can nev - er!
God is with us! Who's a - gainst us Shall feel wrath of Pe - run!
Let Earth swal - low heart in - con - stant! Who would turn a trait - or?

rit



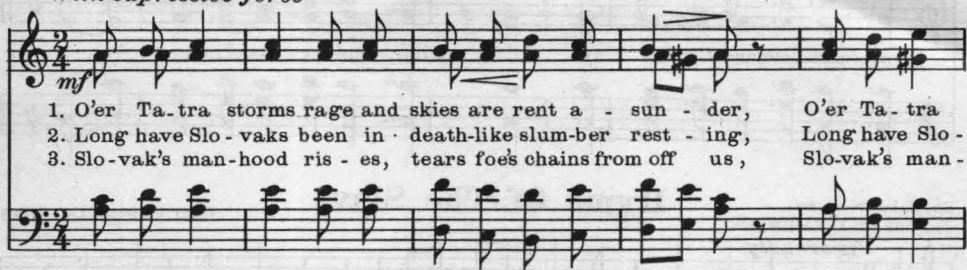
Hell and thun - der! Vain your an - ger, You can con - quer nev - er!
God is with us! Who's a - gainst us Shall feel wrath of Pe - run!
Let Earth swal - low heart in - con - stant! Who would turn a trait - or?

* Used by permission.

Over Tatra

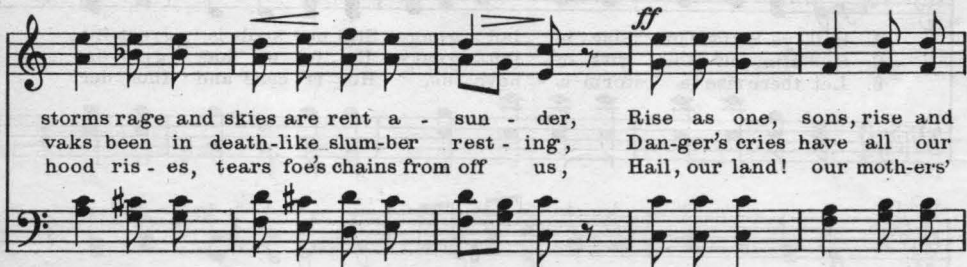
With expressive force

SLOVAK MELODY



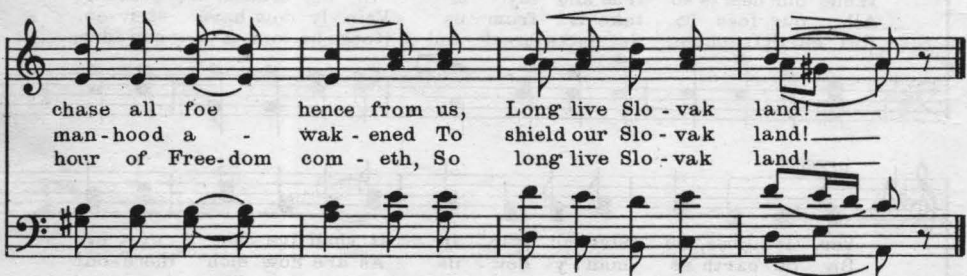
mf

1. O'er Ta-tra storms rage and skies are rent a - sun - der, O'er Ta-tra
 2. Long have Slo-vaks been in death-like slum-ber rest-ing, Long have Slo-
 3. Slo-vak's man-hood ris-es, tears foe's chains from off us, Slo-vak's man-



ff

storms rage and skies are rent a - sun - der, Rise as one, sons, rise and
 vaks been in death-like slum-ber rest-ing, Dan-ger's cries have all our
 hood ris-es, tears foe's chains from off us, Hail, our land! our moth-ers'



mf

chase all foe hence from us, Long live Slo-vak land!
 man-hood a - wak-ened To shield our Slo-vak land!
 hour of Free-dom com-eth, So long live Slo-vak land!

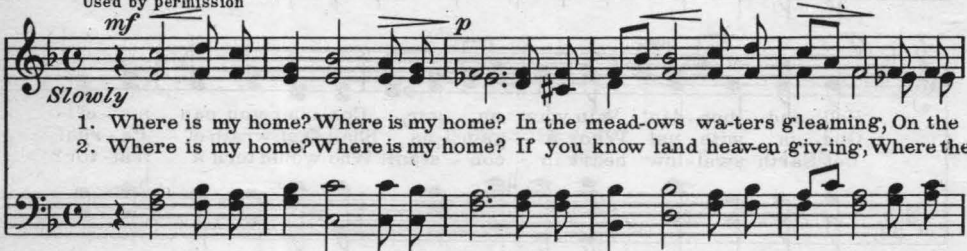
JOS YI TYI

English Version by Jaroslav J. Zmrhal

Used by permission

Where Is My Home?

FRANZ SKOUP



mf
Slowly

1. Where is my home? Where is my home? In the mead-ows wa-ters gleaming, On the
 2. Where is my home? Where is my home? If you know land heav-en giv-ing, Where the



mf

hill-side pine-woods dream-ing. Or-chard shine with blos-soms bright, Earth-ly
 gen-tlest souls are liv-ing. Lov-ing hearts with gift-ed mind, And a

Where Is My Home?—Continued

133

par - a - dize to sight. That's the small but love-ly coun-try, Fair Bo-
 strength that rocks can grind. That's the glo - ry crowned na - tion Where the

he - mia is my home! Fair Bo - he - mia is my home!
 Czechs are is my home! Where the Czechs are is my home!

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues the melody, featuring a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking and a *rit* (ritardando) marking towards the end. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The Perfect Rose

English Words by
A. S. F. O.

DANISH FOLK SONG

1. The ros - es bloom then fade a - way The in - fant
 2. Christ came from heav'n, a rose of love He ev - er

Christ is here al - way. And we are blessed His
 guards us from a - bove. A low - ly rose, He

face to see If we like lit - tle chil - dren be.
 came to earth And an - gels sang His glo - rious birth.

The musical score for 'The Perfect Rose' is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff is simple and folk-like. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first two lines of the song appearing between the first and second systems, and the remaining lines appearing between the second and third systems.

Marseillaise Hymn

(National Hymn of France)

R. DE L.

ROUGET DE LISLE



1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur-round - ed, The vile in - sa-tiate despots
 3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen-rous



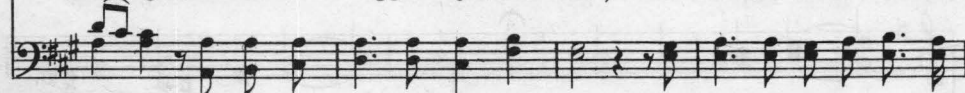
rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and
 flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it



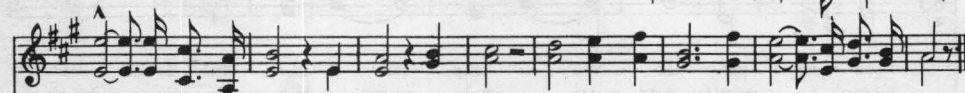
cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful ty-rants, mischief
 air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of burden would they
 tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -



breed-ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and deso-late the
 load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But man is man, and who is
 wailing That falsehood's dagger ty-rants wield; But free-dom is our sword and



land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? } To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a
 more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? } shield, And all their arts are un a - vail - ing.



venging sword unsheathed! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on vic - to-ry or death.



O Christmas Pine

135

English Version by
FRANK FOSTER

(O Tannenbaum)

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Moderately
mp

1. O Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, For-ev-er true your col-or! Your
2. O Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, You fill my heart with mu-sic. Re-
3. O Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, You point the way to cour-age. You

mf

boughs are green in sum-mer-time, Stay brave-ly green in Win-ter-time, O
mind-ing me on Christ-mas day, To think of you and then be gay. O
teach me Hope, Fi-del-i-ty, To con-quer dark Ad-ver-si-ty, O

mp

Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, For-ev-er true your col-or.
Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, You fill my heart with mu-sic.
Christ-mas Pine, O Christ-mas Pine, You point the way to cour-age.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Smoothly
p

1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, Thy fa-ther watch-es the sheep; Thy mother is shaking the
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, The large stars are the sheep; The lit-tle ones are the
3. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, Our Sav-ior loves His sheep; He is the Lamb of

dream-land tree, And from it falls sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba-by, sleep.
lamps, I guess, The gen-tle moon is their shep-herd-ess; Sleep, ba-by, sleep.
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die: Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

In The Time Of Roses

J. REICHARDT
Arr. by W.J.G.

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea-ry heart! Spring a balm dis-
 2. In the time of ros - es, Wea-ry heart, re-joice! Ere the summer

clos - es For the keen-est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'
 clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap-pal thee, For,

the winter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
 be-yond the tomb, God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

How Can I Leave Thee

FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'r-et and hope may die,
 hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When, by the fow-ler slain,

So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a - lone!
 Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be - lieve.
 I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy-ful I'd die.

The Loreley

137

HEINRICH HEINE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

With a moderately quick motion

p

1. I know not what it pre - sa - ges, That
 2. The most beau - ti - ful maid is re - clin - ing On the
 3. It seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing, The

I am so sad to - day; A leg - end of for - mer
 cliff, so won - drous fair; Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are
 boat-man, entranc'd in his skiff; He sees not the treach - er - ous

a - ges Will not from my tho'ts a - way. The
 shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair; With a
 break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff. And

dim. e rit.

air is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, The
 gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there-by, That
 soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat-man strong, For

a tempo *rit*

peak of the moun - tain sparkles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
 thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow - er - ful mel - o - dy.
 thus in her toils hath she bound them, The Lore - ley with her song.

Silent Night

JOSEPH MOHR

FRANZ GRÜBER

pp

1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon vir-gin moth-er and Child
 2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from Heaven a-far,
 3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho - ly in-fant, so ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
 Heavenly hosts sing Al-le-lu - ia, Christ the Sav-ior is born! Christ, the Sav-ior is born!
 With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord at Thy birth.

Forsaken

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Slowly pp

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I; Like the stone in the
 2. A mound in the church-yard, that blos-soms hang o'er; It is there my love

cause-way, My bur-ied hopes lie; I go to the church-yard, My
 sleep-eth; To wak-en no more; 'Tis there all my foot-steps, My

eyes fill'd with tears; And kneel-ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for
 pas-sions all lead; And there my heart turn-eth, I'm for - sa - ken in -

cresc. f *pp*

years; And kneel-ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years.
 deed; And there my heart turn-eth, I'm for - sa - ken in - deed.

mf *pp* *rit. e dim.*

Aloha Oe

(Farewell To Thee)

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

Moderately with expression

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Arr. by W.J.G.



1. Now our golden days are at an end;

2. We have felt the thrill of autumn days,

3. We have seen together how the spring

The part-ing hour is coming soon, And we

And shared the winter's cold as well; When we

Made mir-a-cles of tree and flow'r; But the



think, while swift the moments pass

know we now must say good-bye,

joy that summer bro't to us

How de-light-ful has been our friendship's boon.

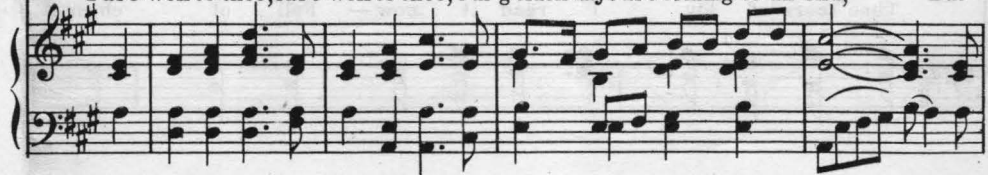
All our sor-row, no language e'er can tell.

Led us on t'ward this pensive parting hour.

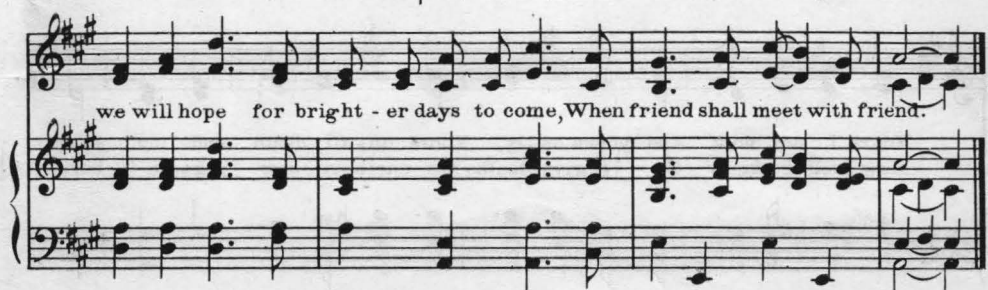
**REFRAIN**

Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Our golden days are coming to an end,

But



we will hope for bright-er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.



The Heron

English Version by A.S.F.O.

HUNGARIAN FOLK SONG

*Moderately**mp*

1. Far up a - bove flies the her - on, Shrill its cry;
 2. Here the sweet voice of the blue - bird— Bright blue jay;

*cresc.*

Heart-sick am I. An - gry is she. Hear my sigh—
 Came a let - ter from my dear one Just to - day.



I plead with thee be not so cross Dear, for long;
 Thro' tears of joy I read it now— Full of cheer.



Yours I am now And yours on - ly, Yours un - til death ends my song.
 How well I know On - ly grim death On earth can now part us here.



Moderately

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
 2. In-nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a passing sigh; But man's faith can
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and varied tints, Ev'ry rock that
 4. Music there for e-cho'dwells, Makes each sound a harmony; Many-voiced the

woodland dells, Mem'ry ev - er fond-ly strays, Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 ne'er de-cline Such God's wonders floating by; Cas-tle Lough and Glenna bay;
 you pass by, Ver-dure broiders or besprings, Vir-gin there the green grass grows,
 cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charming tints be - low,

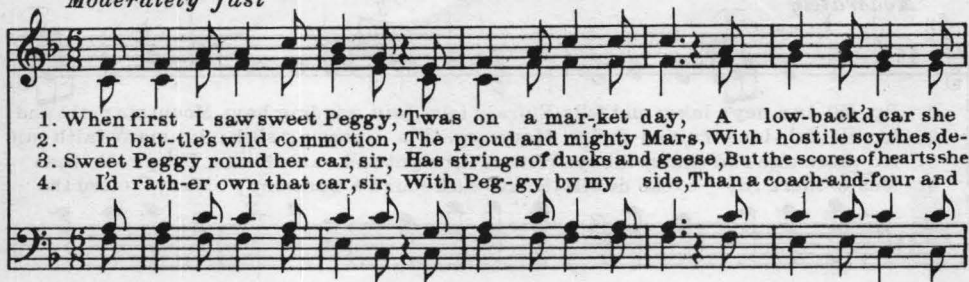
Beau-ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on man-y strands,
 Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray
 Ev - 'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows,
 Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know,

But her home is sure-ly there! Angels fold their wings and rest, In that E-den
 Tho' the monks are now at rest. Angels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
 Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. Angels oft-en pausing there, Doubt if E - den
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine, Glancing back soft

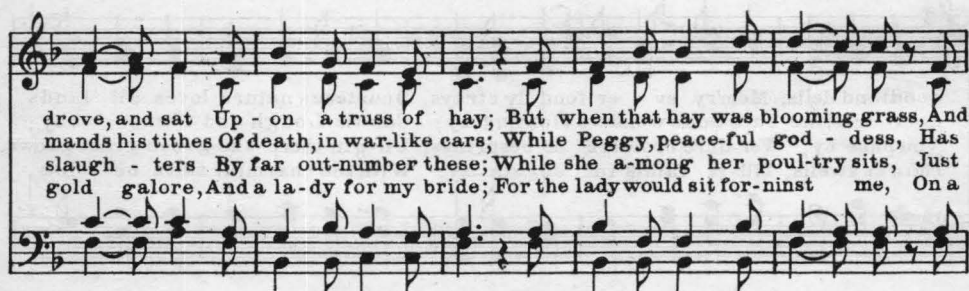
of the West, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 long life's span, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 were more fair, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
 light di - vine, Beauty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

The Low-Backed Car

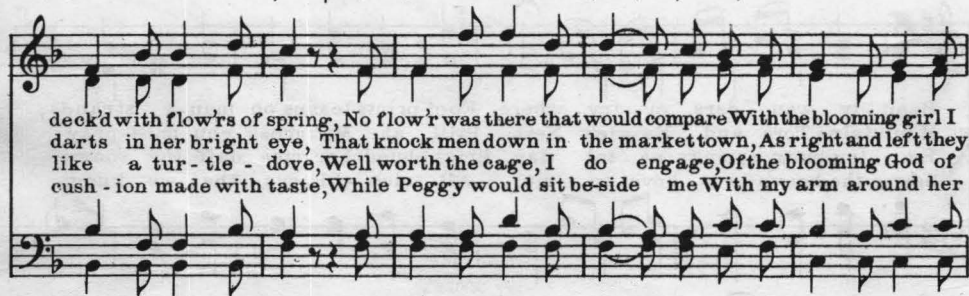
OLD IRISH AIR

Moderately fast


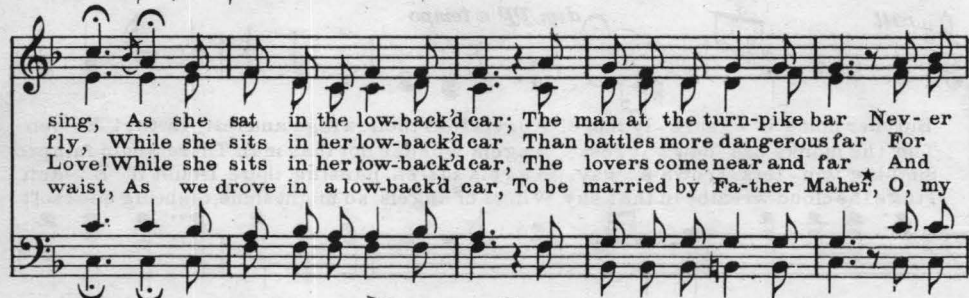
1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a market day, A low-back'd car she
 2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
 3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
 4. I'd rather own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



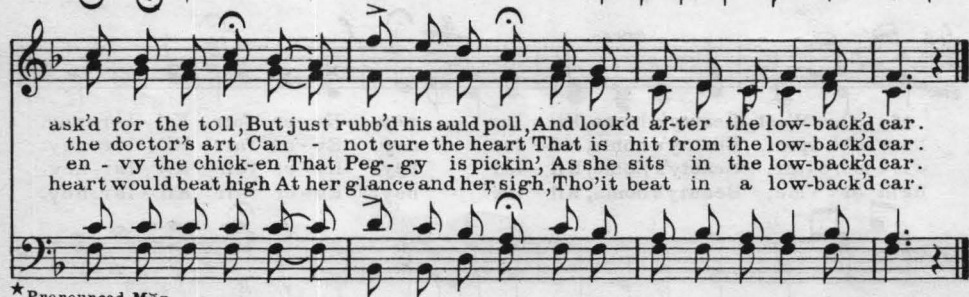
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
 mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peggy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
 slaugh - ters By far out-number these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
 gold galore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
 darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As right and left they
 like a tur-tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
 cush-ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm around her



sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
 fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car Than battles more dangerous far For
 Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lovers come near and far And
 waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher, O, my



ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd after the low-back'd car.
 the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

*Pronounced Mär

A Merry Life

FROM THE ITALIAN

(Funiculi, Funicula)

LUIGI DENZA

Rapidly and with spirit

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I!
 2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well!



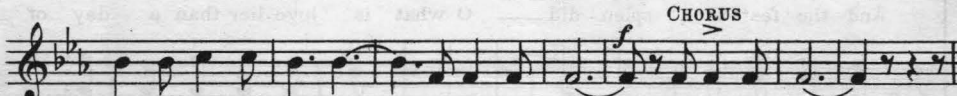
And so do I! Some think it well to be all mel-an-cho-lic, To pine and
 And like it well! For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not



sigh; To pine and sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in sing-ing,
 tell! So cannot tell! With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,

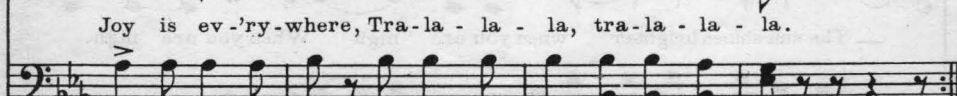
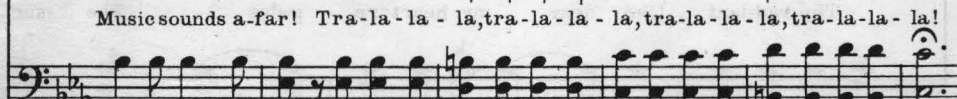
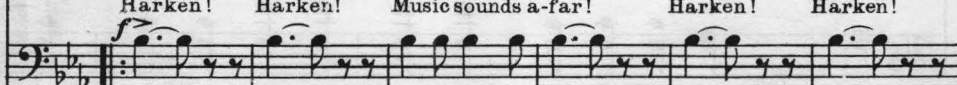


Some joy-ous song, Some joyous song; To set the air with
 Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For mirth was made for



music brave-ly ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
 joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!

f First time Solo, Second time Chorus.



O Sole Mio

EDUARDO DI CAPUA

1. Oh what is love-lier than this day of sun - light? The gen-tle

breez-es tell the storm has end - ed The sea shines spark-ling—

And the fest-a splen-did — O what is love-lier than a day of

sun - light? 2. Be-fore thy pres - ence the sun - light pales

Thy rad-iant love dear my heart re - gales The sun—

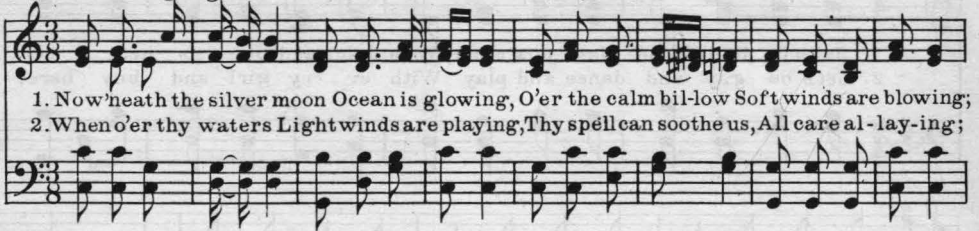
— The sun shines bright-er when you are nigh When you are nigh.

Santa Lucia

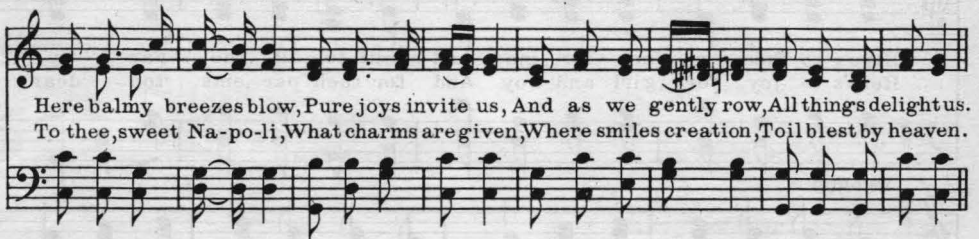
145

With swinging motion

NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG

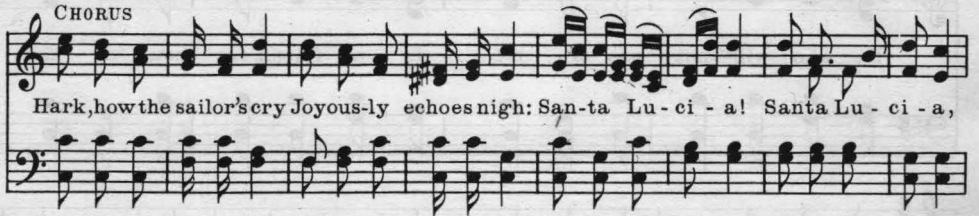


1. Now 'neath the silver moon Ocean is glowing, O'er the calm bil-low Soft winds are blowing;
2. When o'er thy waters Light winds are playing, Thy spell can soothe us, All care al-lay-ing;

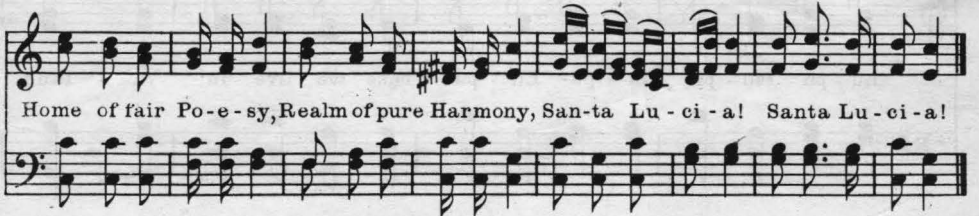


Here balmy breezes blow, Pure joys invite us, And as we gently row, All things delight us.
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are given, Where smiles creation, Toil blest by heaven.

CHORUS



Hark, how the sailor's cry Joyous-ly echoes nigh: San-ta Lu-ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a,

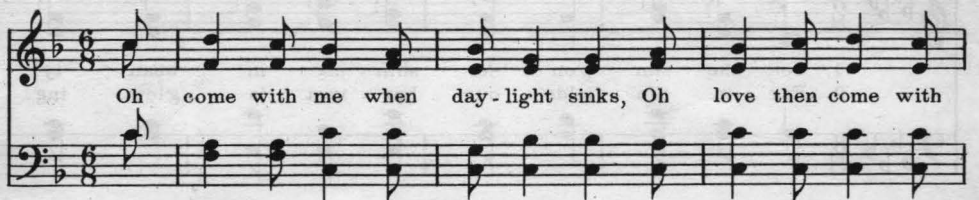


Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Harmony, San-ta Lu-ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a!

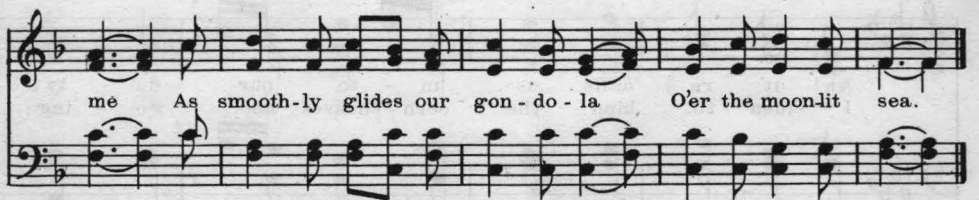
Venetian Song

THOMAS MOORE

Tune: "Carnival of Venice"



Oh come with me when day-light sinks, Oh love then come with



me As smooth-ly glides our gon-do-la O'er the moon-lit sea.

Jacob, Drink!

POLISH FOLK SONG

With energy

1. Ja - cob, drink! Your glass now clink, With John and Joe so hear - ty.
2. Let's be gay and dance and play With ev - 'ry girl and boy here.

Here's to thee, and one for me— And health to all the par - ty.
Here's to joy for girl and boy And for their par - ents, too, dear.

CHORUS

He who will not mer - ry me Is no friend for you or me.

Lu - pu tsu - pu, tsu - pu Lu - pu. Thus we live in Po - land.

Mazurek

Moderately

OLD POLISH SONG

1. See the sun yon - der shin - ing in beau - ty!
2. Far in the fields our har - vest is glow - ing.

Ah! it re calls us un - to our du - ty;
I then to bind the corn - sheaves am go - ing;

Mazurek - Continued

147

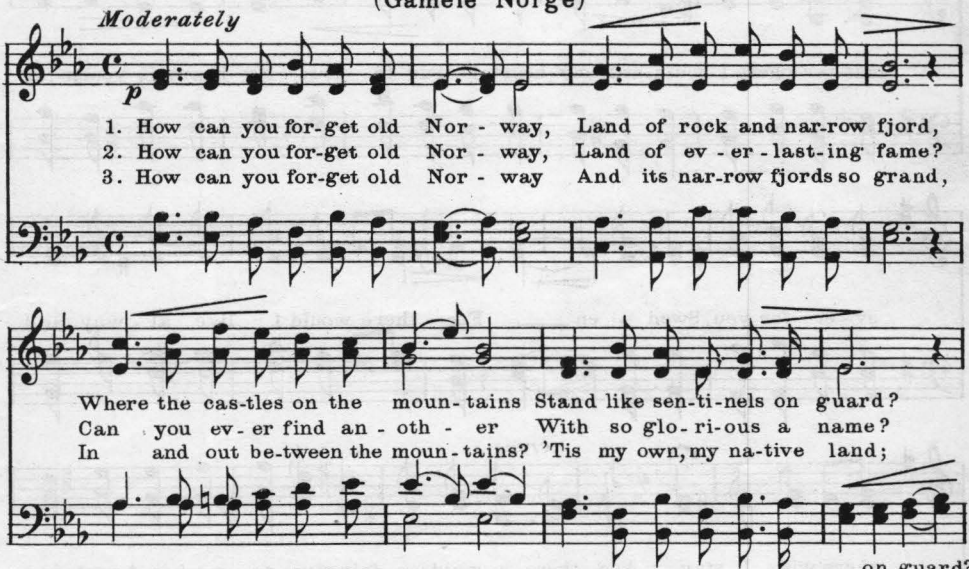


Spring be-hind us far is ly-ing And the har-vest time is nigh-ing;
And when near the eve-ning hours I will pluck the fair-est flow-ers,

Ah! gen-tle Ma-rie on thy true love I'm re-ly-ing.
Ma-rie, for thee on whom my heart its whole love show-ers.

Old Norway (Gamele Norge)

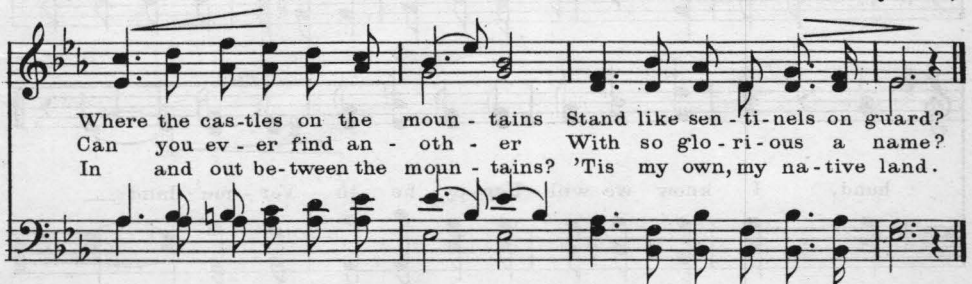
Moderately



1. How can you for-get old Nor-way, Land of rock and nar-row fjord,
2. How can you for-get old Nor-way, Land of ev-er-last-ing fame?
3. How can you for-get old Nor-way And its nar-row fjords so grand,

Where the cas-tles on the moun-tains Stand like sen-ti-nels on guard?
Can you ev-er find an-oth-er With so glo-ri-ous a name?
In and out be-tween the moun-tains? 'Tis my own, my na-tive land;

on guard?
a name?
my land;



Where the cas-tles on the moun-tains Stand like sen-ti-nels on guard?
Can you ev-er find an-oth-er With so glo-ri-ous a name?
In and out be-tween the moun-tains? 'Tis my own, my na-tive land.

Vermeland

SWEDISH FOLK SONG

Andante

p

Oh Ver-me-land, all praise to the won-der-ful land. The

bright-est of the jew-els of old Swed-en — No

mat-ter where I roam, still my heart is true to you, My heart is yearn-ing

mf

ev-er for you, Swed-en — For there would I live al-way and

cresc

there will I stay And there a maid-en fair gave to me her heart and

rit

hand, I know we will hap-py be in Ver-me-land. —

Volga Boatmen

149

OLD RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

With motion

The first system of musical notation for 'Volga Boatmen'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'With motion'. The lyrics 'Pull our boat, men! Pull our boat, men! Give your strength to the task. Pull our boat, men!' are written below the treble staff.

Pull our boat, men! Pull our boat, men! Give your strength to the task. Pull our boat, men!

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'God will give you all you ask, you ask— Soon we'll come to our' are written below the treble staff.

God will give you all you ask, you ask— Soon we'll come to our

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'jour-neys' end. Pull, pull our boat! Pull, pull our boat!' are written below the treble staff.

jour-neys' end. Pull, pull our boat! Pull, pull our boat!

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Pull a-way, pull! Pull, pull our boat! Pull our boat, men!' are written below the treble staff.

Pull a-way, pull! Pull, pull our boat! Pull our boat, men!

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'rit' (ritardando). The lyrics 'Pull our boat, men! Near-er come we now— Let your mus-cles bend.' are written below the treble staff.

Pull our boat, men! Near-er come we now— Let your mus-cles bend.

O, Take Me Back To Switzerland

Mrs. NORTON

TYROLESE AIR

*Moderately**mf*

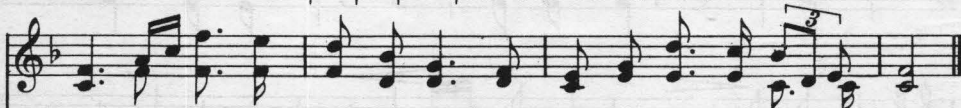
1. By the dark waves of the roll-ing sea, Where the white saild ships are toss-ing free,
2. I see its hills, I see its streams, Its blue lakes haunt my rest-less dreams,
3. For months a - long that gloom-y shore, 'Mid sea - birds cry and o - cean's roar,



Came a youth-ful mai-den, Pale and sor-row la-den, With a mourn-ful voice sang she: "O,
When the day de-clin-eth, Or the bright sun shin-eth, Pre-sent still its beau-ty seems: O,
Sang that mournful mai-den, Pale and sor-row la-den, Then her voice was heard no more. For



take me back to Swit-zer-land, My own, my dear, my na-tive land; I'll
take me back to Swit-zer-land, Up - on the moun-tain let me stand; Where
far a - way from Swit-zer-land, From home, from friends, from na-tive land; Where



brave all dan-gers of the main, To see my own dear land a - gain.
flow'rs are bright, and skies are clear, For oh! I pine, I per-ish here."
for - eign wild flow'rs cold - ly wave, The bro-ken heart-ed found a grave.



The Ash Grove (Mens Voices)

*Moderately**mf*

WELSH FOLK SONG



1. {The ash grove how graceful, how plain-ly 'tis speak-ing, The wind thro' it
When o - ver its branches the sun-light is break-ing, A host of kind
2. {My laughter is o - ver, my step los-es light-ness, Old coun-try-side
I on - ly re-mem-ber the past and its brightness, The dear ones I



play-ing has language for me; } The friends of my child-hood a-gain are be-
 fac-es is gaz-ing on me; } meas-ures steal soft on my ear; } From out of the sha-dows their lov-ing looks
 mourn for a - gain gath-er here.

fore me, fond mem-o - ries wak - en, as free-ly I roam, With soft whis-pers
 greet me, And wist-ful - ly search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth - er

la-den its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ashgrove that shel-ter'd my home.
 fac-es fond bend-ing to greet me: The ash grove, the ashgrove a-lone is my home.

Attributed to
 H. BOULTON

All Through The Night

OLD WELSH AIR

Softly

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guar-dian an-gels
 2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thro' the night; While the wea-ry

God will send thee All thro' the night, Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
 world is sleep-ing All thro' the night, O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing,

Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping, I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing All thro' the night.
 Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing All thro' the night.

March Of The Men Of Harlech

Welsh Poem translated
by William Duthie

Harmonized
by Joseph Barnby
WELSH AIR

mf *March time*

1. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Saxon e'er ap-palls us!
2. Tho' our mothers may be weep-ing, Tho' our sisters may be keep-ing.

rit.

On we march! whate'er befalls us, Nev-er shall we fly! Forward, lightly
Watch for some who now are sleeping On the bat-tle-field, Still the trumpet's

cresc.

bound-ing, To the trumpet's sounding; Forward ev-er, backward, ne'er, The
bray-ing Sounds on, ev-er say-ing, Let each bow-man pierce a foe, And

haughty foe as-tound-ing; Fight for father, sis-ter, mother, Each is bound to
nev-er stop the slay-ing, Till in-vaders learn to fear us, And no Saxon

ff

each as brother; And with faith in one an-oth-er, We will win or die!
lin-ger near us; Men of Wales! our God doth hear us, Never will we yield!

Early To Bed

Round

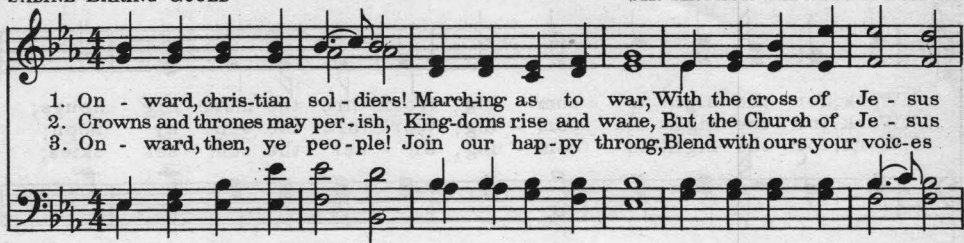
1. Ear-ly to bed and ear-ly to rise, Makes a man
2. health-y and wealth-y and wise, Wise, health-y, and wealth-y.
3.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

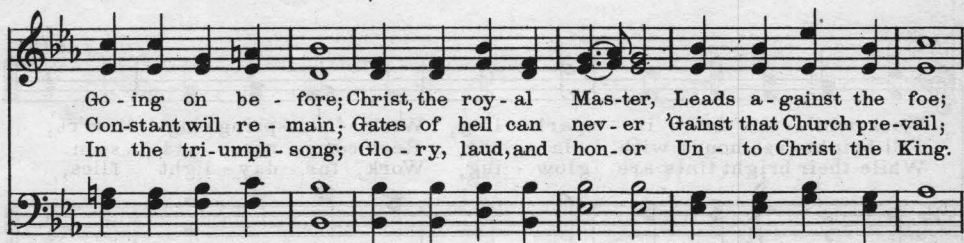
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SABINE BARING-GOULD

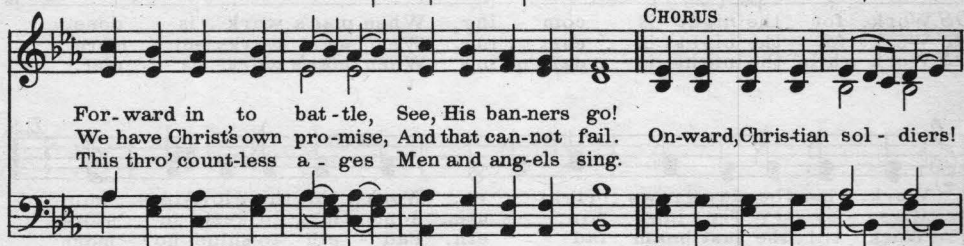
SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



1. On - ward, chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices

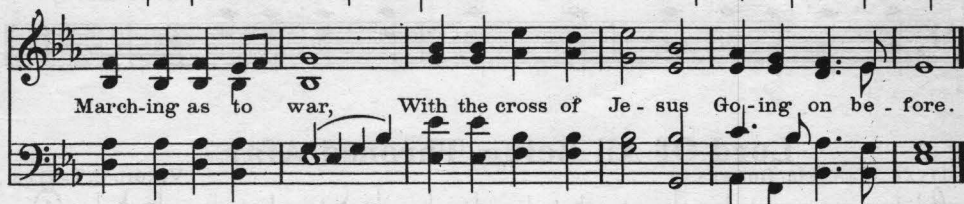


Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - val;
In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.



CHORUS

For - ward in to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
We have Christ's own pro - mise, And that can - not fail. On - ward, Christian sol - diers!
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and ang - els sing.

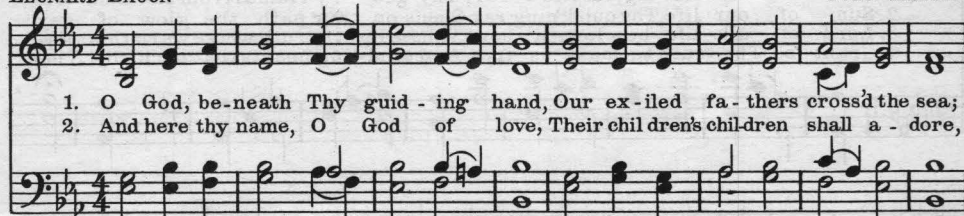


March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON

JOHN HATTON



1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - il - ed fa - thers cross'd the sea;
2. And here thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's chil - dren shall a - dore,



And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor - ship'd Thee.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

Work, For The Night Is Coming

ANNIE L. WALKER-COGHILL

LOWELL MASON

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Fine.
 Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies,

D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
D.S. Work while the night is dark'n - ing, When man's work is o'er.

cresc.
 Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Lord Of All Being, Throned Afar

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling hearts that burn for Thee,

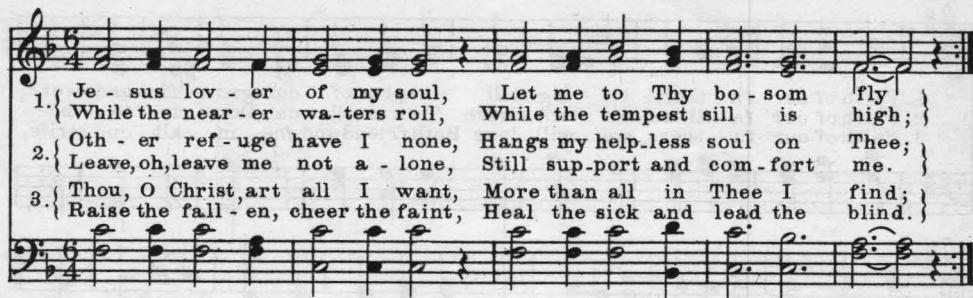
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

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CHARLES WESLEY

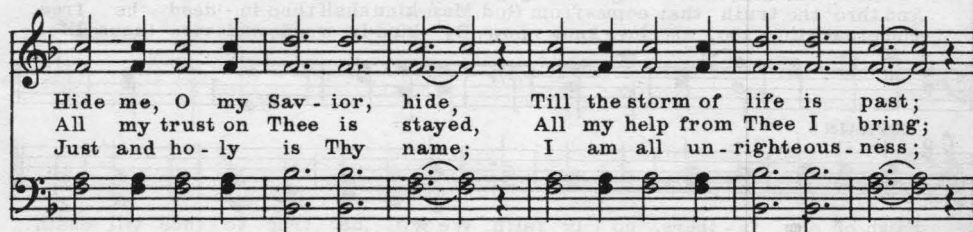
SIMEON B. MARSH



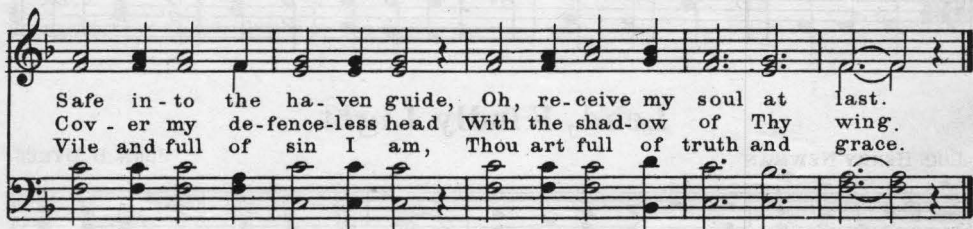
1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest sill is high;

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - righteous - ness;

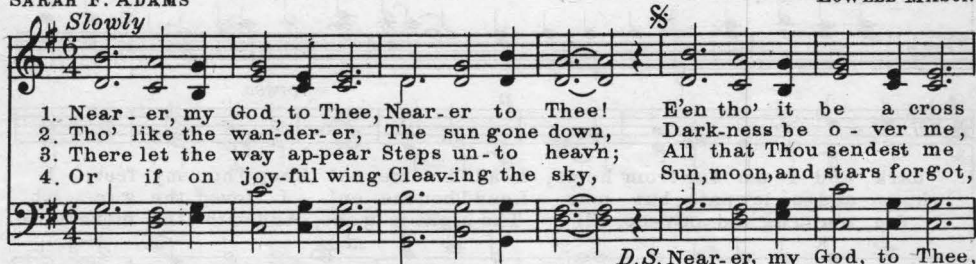


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS

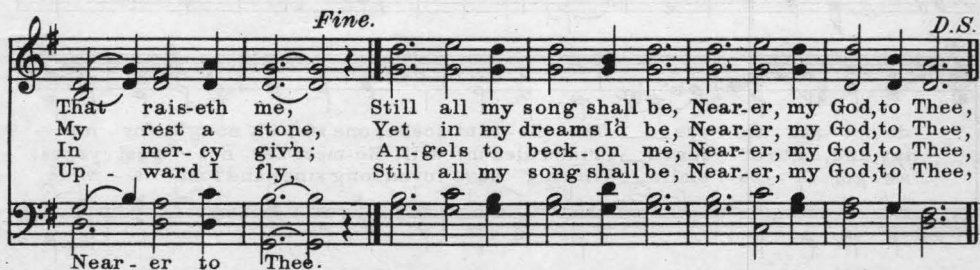
LOWELL MASON



Slowly

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D.S. Nearer, my God, to Thee,



Fine. *D.S.*

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

Faith Of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRY F. HEMY and J.G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid then-cir-cle-ing gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

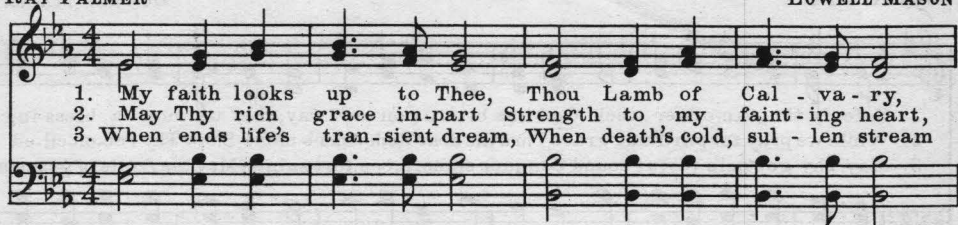
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

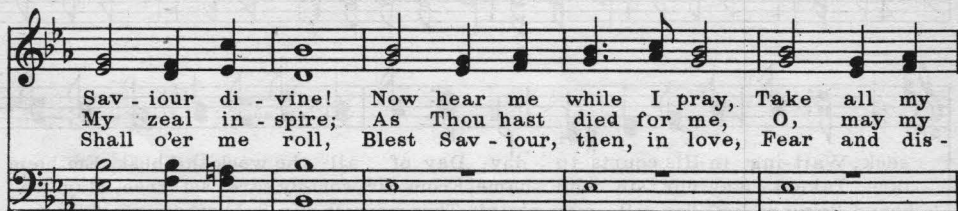
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RAY PALMER

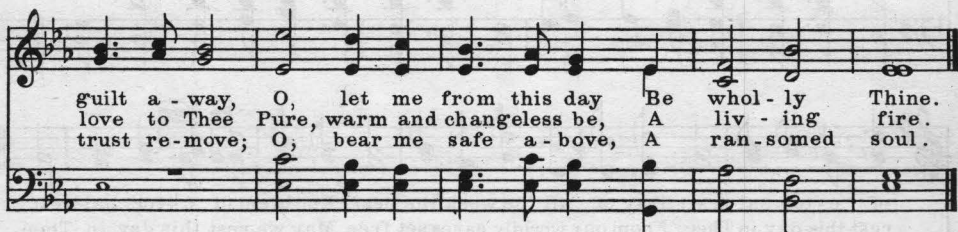
LOWELL MASON



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

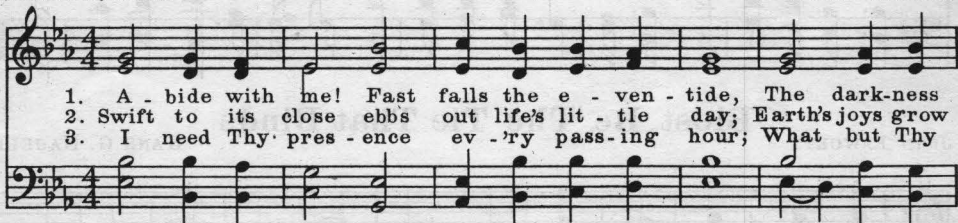


guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 trust re-move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

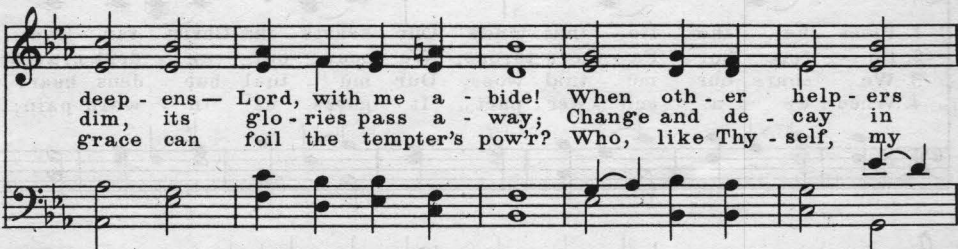
HENRY F. LYTE

Abide With Me

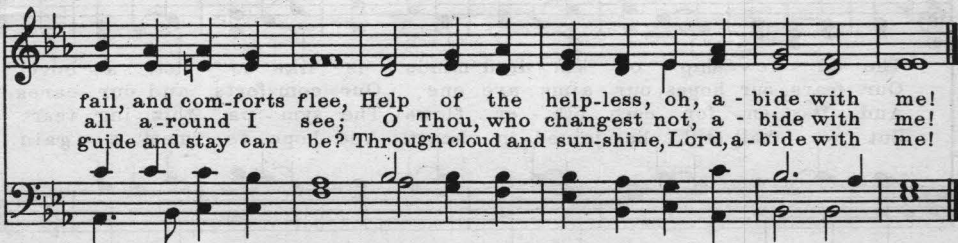
WILLIAM H. MONK



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy



deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my



fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

Safely Through Another Week

JOHN NEWTON

LOWELL MASON

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing
 2. While we pray for pardning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed
 3. May Thy gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; May the fruits of grace a-

seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem
 face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we
 bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we

of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the Church a-bove.

Blest Be The Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

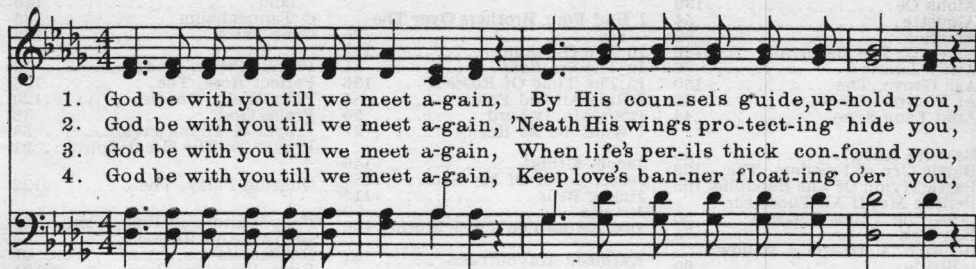
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

God Be With You Till We Meet Again

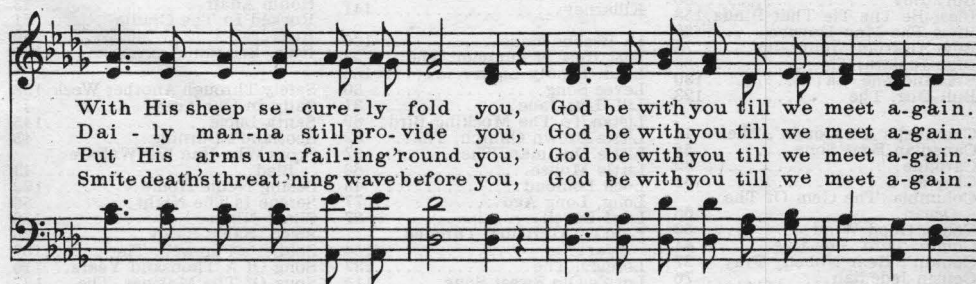
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JEREMIAH E. RANKIN

WILLIAM G. TOMER



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-TECT-ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly man-na still pro-VIDE you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat-n'ing wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



Till we meet, — till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet

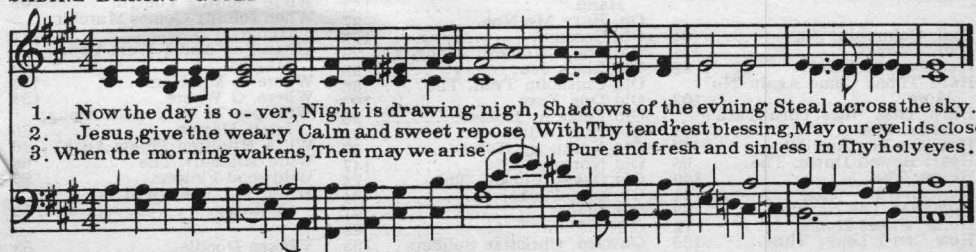


Till we meet, — till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Now The Day Is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD

JOSEPH BARNEY



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the ev'ning Steal across the sky.
 2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tendrest blessing, May our eyelids close.
 3. When the morning wakens, Then may we arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

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